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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN & NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS AND NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XXXII.—NO. 22. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873. WHOLE NUMBER 1634.

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Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

ISSUED WEEKLY AT

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GEO. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher.

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Editorial.

MARCH ON THE FARM.

The prospect now is that we shall have an early spring. It is rather soon, to be sure to predict with much confidence, but so far as we can see, it looks like it. There is but little frost in the ground, in many places, scarcely any. When the snow goes, it may freeze some, but the long days and the high sun will keep it from going to any depth.

The robins have already appeared in this neighborhood. That does not go for much, to be sure, for it is pretty well settled that they winter with us, so that it is not instinct that has brought them from a milder clime to bring the open spring along with them. We rely more upon the general law of compensation, or the fact that one extreme generally follows another. We have had a long, steady and severely cold winter, with the snow lying on the ground and good sleighing, a little inland, ever since November, a thing hardly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. We take it for granted, that such a spell of weather must come to an end sometime and when it does the chances are that the "ethereal mildness" of spring will be upon us, and we shall expect to see greenness on the Common by the middle of the month. It is probable that it will be practicable to plough on light and dry upland before the first of April.

Cattle need a good deal of care at this season of the year, and the roots ought to be fed to them every day. During mild days, when the sun is out it is a good plan to leave them in the yard a portion of the day, as it gives them a chance to exercise and move about. The cold has been steady and the ground so covered with snow, that most careful farmers have been accustomed to keep all stock in the barn, and they were better off there as a general rule, but now that the days will soon be warmer, it is better to let them out. Cows that are expected to come in at this time will require care and attention.

It is to be borne in mind that the time of parturition is the most critical period of the whole year for the cow, and that trouble more frequently happens to the best milkers than to ordinary cows. Give the cow a warm pen by herself, where she is not subject to drafts of air, with good bedding, keep an eye on her after, till she calves. Soon after this give her a drink of water, slightly warm, but not over a pailful at a time, once about every hour. The cow is usually very thirsty at this time. Some mix into the water a pint of rye meal to every pailful. Some dairymen prefer to give cold water to cows kept in a warm stable, on the ground that the animal is feverish and that it restores the body to its proper temperature, allays the excitement of fever and quenches thirst more readily. Some think also, that it hastens the expulsion of the placenta or afterbirth. Some of the most experienced dairymen follow one practice and some the other. Mr. Ellsworth of Barre, who has kept a large herd of dairy cows for a great many years, warms the water a little, mixes in a little rye meal for each bucketful and gives it about once an hour for the first day. We know of no man who has always met with such uniform success, and had so little trouble with difficulties of the udder in his cows as he.

Mr. Harris Lewis, of Herkimer Co., N. Y., on the other hand, prefers to give the water cold, and thinks it more grateful to the animal and better than to warm it, for cows that are closely and warmly stabled. With two such experienced and successful men, whose practice is different in this respect, it would be out of place for us to lay down a rule and say that this or that is best in all cases. We have generally preferred the plan of Mr. Ellsworth, however, and think it on the whole the best and safest at this season of the year. In hot weather in summer it would be different. The afterbirth will generally come away in from one to five or six hours. If it is retained longer than that, and ten or twelve hours pass when it is not expelled, it ought to be removed by some one competent to do it, for it will not then come of itself till it decays and becomes terribly offensive.

The removal of the placenta, in such cases, is not a difficult matter for any one who is at all familiar with the construction of the parts, and here a little knowledge, which any farmer can easily attain, is exceedingly useful, and the importance of possessing it, is apparent from the fact that if the cow does not "clean" regularly, her usefulness for the following season is gone, unless the placenta is properly removed, before it becomes too late. If the cow does not "clean" within twelve hours after calving it ought to be removed and it may be done as follows: "Take in one hand that part of the placenta in sight, being sure to get the umbilical cord, or ligature, by which the calf was attached to the placenta at birth, and introduce the hand between it and the womb. The places of attachment (numbering about thirty) will easily be found, and a separation effected by taking the placenta, near the place of attachment, between the thumb and forefinger and giving it a gentle pull, at right angles from the womb and directly toward the centre, just sufficient to detach it, and so with the next, until it is sufficiently detached to drop away, which will sometimes occur when but three or four places are detached, and at other times a separation between nearly all the places of attachment becomes necessary.

The placenta may also be separated from the womb with entire safety by holding the umbilical cord firmly in one hand and with the ends or side of the fingers press the placenta at the places of attachment gentle toward the centre of the womb. The cow should be allowed to eat the placenta if she desires to do so, for this is a special provision of nature for the cow at this particular time. Nature is a better cow doctor in this particular than all the quacks in the world, with their granny notions thrown in. No change of food should be allowed the cow for six or eight days after coming in, and whenever a change of food is made it should be gradually."

The cow ought to be only lightly fed for the first day or two, and she should have no grain or milk producing food for a week after calving, but a few roots will not hurt her. If the udder is swelled and inflamed, as it not unfrequently is in the case of great milkers, rub it with very warm water or soap suds, slowly and gently and often, leaving it perfectly dry each time, by ending off with a dry woolen cloth. Let the water be as warm as can be to bear the hand in it. Do not apply cold water to an inflamed udder. Persistent effort with the hot water and soapsuds will effect a cure.

THE BALDWIN APPLE.

An article appeared in the Boston *Journal*, a few weeks ago, claiming that the Baldwin apple derived its name from having originated in the town of Baldwin in Maine. It was so clearly and palpably false and so obvious of the well known history and origin of this celebrated apple, that we did not think it worth noticing at the time, nor should we now, but for the fact that a few have been led to suppose there was some foundation for truth in the statement, or it would not have been stated in so confident a form.

The apple originated in Wilmington in this State, and was a well known apple in this State more than fifty years ago. Its history has been written many times over, and we supposed that every person of any intelligence about fruits was familiar with it. We think it a matter of some importance, because of the high estimation in which the apple is held, and the universality of its cultivation. It has probably been worth more to New England than any other single apple of our whole catalogue, and we should hardly know how to get along without it. The only thing that can be objected to it is its habit of bearing only every other year, but this can be overcome by patience and perseverance, we believe.

EXPANSION OF WATER.

The effect of the freezing of water in our soils and in the rocks is often very great, and it explains how many soils are actually benefited by the freezing and thawing of winter and how the rocks are distintegrated and ground down, as it were in the same way. In freezing water expands one fifteenth of its bulk, and its power is so great as often to burst the strongest vessels in which it is contained. Where it is confined in the crevices of large rocks the process of freezing will push off immense bodies of stone, and it acts in the same way to cause all rocks to crumble more or less from their surfaces, the particles becoming loosened. Soils are slowly improved in this way.

COMMISSIONER'S REPORT.

The abolition of the franking privilege, which takes effect on the 1st of July next, will make it rather more difficult for farmers to procure the agricultural report, and put the Department to greater expense in securing a general and judicious distribution of that valuable document. We hope Congress will not go so far as to refuse to print the extra copies requested, as there can be little doubt that it would be resumed again, with a bad break in the series. It is about the best thing the Government prints.

MASSACHUSETTS CHEESE FACTORY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Cheese Factory Association was held in Barre, on Wednesday of last week, when the reports from a portion of the factories were read and discussed, and addresses were made by Charles Brimblecom, Esq., of Barre, Mr. Wetherell of Boston, and others, upon the present condition of the cheese interest in this State. Thomas P. Root, Esq., of Barre, was elected President, and Newton S. Hubbard of Brimfield, Secretary.

We shall be able probably to present a detailed report of the returns of the factories for the past year, though it is to be regretted that so few were presented on time. The results of the operation of the factory system would not seem to have been so satisfactory the past season as it has usually been, judging from the backwardness of the officers in making up and sending in their reports. The prices have been rather low, and the factories throughout the country appear to have felt the pressure.

AGRICULTURE IN CONGRESS.

The Act giving an additional grant of public lands or rather the income of the sale of public lands, originally passed the Senate and then went to the House. So far as we can make out from the despatches in regard to the hurry incident to these closing days of Congress, the bill was changed by the friends of the measure and then passed the House by a large majority, but the change, as we understand it, made it necessary to go back to the Senate again, and there we have fears that it may be lost for want of time to reach it. We shall know soon.

SOILING CROPS.

We are not unfrequently asked to name the best crops to be used for soiling purposes or for feeding cattle early in the spring before going out to pasture, and so on through the season, either for the whole or a part: soiling. We think where cattle are stalled throughout the season, it is a good plan to sow a little patch of winter rye near the barn to cut green early in spring. Then red clover and especially lucern. Later a good patch of Hungarian grass is excellent, better than green corn, but to make sure of a change and variety, we like a patch of corn notwithstanding the fact that it does not seem to make so much milk as millet and

Of all these plants the lucern is probably best if the land is deep and mellow and rich. On such land with an open porous subsoil it grows with most astonishing rapidity after being cut. We have seen it grow ten inches high in a week on light warm and rich land, and hence its great value for the purpose indicated. Besides stock of all kinds are extremely fond of it. We recommend the readers of the *Ploughman* to try a little patch of it and s

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

In the Report of the Veterinary department of the Royal Agricultural Society of England recently submitted by Prof. Simonds of the Royal Veterinary College, it appears that "it is to be feared that pleuropneumonia is on the increase in several parts of the country, though on the whole no material addition has taken place in the number of cases reported. A desire to treat the animals rather than to send them at once to the slaughter house, and a disposition to conceal from the authorities the existence of the disease upon the farms are certainly two causes that tend to keep the disease rife. Cured cases, *so called*, are often dangerous foci of infection to other animals, although it may not be difficult for science to fix the time of the commencement of the infection, it must remain purely conjectural as to when the *materies morbi* will cease. The true policy, therefore, for the agriculturist is to send every diseased animal at once for slaughter." That's the conclusion we came to long ago.

The Report of the Council of the Society also says: "Still more recently an increase in the number of animals affected with pleuro-pneumonia has been noticeable in many parts of England; but it is satisfactory to observe that the Privy Council have issued an order to local authorities to stamp out this disease. The Council therefore strongly recommend the members of the society to exert their influence in their several districts, to induce the local authorities to use the power of compulsory slaughter which has recently been vested in them by the Privy Council." We commend this wise and judicious advice to the attention of Hon. F. W. Bird of Walpole, who tried all he could to prevent the efforts of the cattle commissioners of this State from suppressing this horrid disease. If his advice and efforts had prevailed against the successful manner recommended above, the farming community would have been suffering to the extent of many thousands of dollars a year, with no hope of escape from a tax upon our resources and our patience the most severe and the most difficult to bear of any that could possibly be imposed upon any community.

We commend it also to "Warrington," or William S. Robinson, who has never ceased to fret because of the efforts of the Commonwealth to suppress this unmitigated scourge. It may be some satisfaction to these two gentlemen to feel that they are wiser than the wisest men of England.

EXAMINING COMMITTEE OF THE COLLEGE.

The Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture at its recent meeting, appointed Dr. Horace P. Wakefield of Monson, Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg of Pittsfield, and John B. Moore of Concord, to visit, examine and report upon the condition of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to the Board of Overseers.

SOWING DIFFERENT CEREALS TOGETHER.

Of late years the attention of several experimental English agriculturists (as well as some Canadian) has been turned towards the possibility of increasing the yield per acre of various cereals when sown together in the same field. There seems little doubt that a much larger yield can be thus obtained. Instances are quoted where peas, oats, barley and wheat, all sown together, have produced a very large yield. This plan has been especially successful where various sorts of wheat alone have been sown together, or, as we should term it, a mixed sample of seed. One man mentions a yield of upwards of seventy bushels of this mixed seed (wheat) per acre, and this great crop was composed of four different sorts of wheat. A most intelligent farmer, in Pickering, lately told me he had succeeded in raising upwards of sixty bushels an acre of mixed wheat and barley. Another farmer, from Lower Canada, states eighty bushels of mixed barley, oats and peas, and also states that in his section it is quite a common thing to thus mix seed. A correspondent in England tells me that farmers in his locality find mixing various sorts of wheat often very successful, and lately it has been much practiced.—*Cor. Canadian Farmer.*

CHEAP POULTRY YARD.

Set posts firmly in the ground, six feet high, eight feet apart. Take No. 9 wire and stretch from post to post outside, fastening with staples made of wire driven into posts. Place three wires one inch apart, one foot from the ground; another three at three feet ten inches from the ground; another three at top of posts. Take common laths and weave in, leaving three inches space between sides of each. This makes the fence four feet high. Then take other laths, picket one end, and chamfer the other like a chisel blade, and interweave among the top wires; then shove the chamfered edge down beside the top of the bottom lath, lapping under wires two inches. This makes a cheap, durable, pretty fence, that is seven feet and ten inches high, and fowl tight. Wires should be left somewhat slack, as interweaving the laths will take it up.—*Poultry Yard.*

BEET SUGAR.—We are informed that the Sacramento Valley Beet Sugar Company will enlarge their operations the present year. It will be remembered that the company put under cultivation to beets last year, on their own land and that of others in their immediate vicinity, nearly 1,300 acres.

It is now proposed, indeed, the company have determined, to increase their area of beet lands the coming season, by planting an additional 400 acres at Davisville, some ten miles distant from the sugarie, on the line of the Sacramento and Vallejo railroad. In this connection we remark that the sugar from the Sacramento works, now in use in San Francisco, has not its equal in the best cane sugar from the refineries.

Correspondence.

YOUNG TROUT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I wish to ask a question through the columns of the PLOUGHMAN, whether it is generally known that it is possible to obtain a quantity of young trout from a large artificial pond? If some of those engaged in fish culture will give the desired information, it will be useful to many farmers, and perhaps convert to their own interest. F. C. L.

Worcester, Mass.

Write to E. A. Brackett, Esq., Winchester, Mass. He is State Fish Commissioner, and knows where you can get them cheapest. —[Ed.

TREATMENT OF STOCK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have been much interested in some of the contributions to the *Ploughman*. It comes at the close of the week when it is pleasant to sit down and look over its pages. It is said "all questions have two sides," but some doubt it. If any question has but one side, it is the question in regard to the treatment of *stock*. This has often been repeated, yet it is difficult to make every one believe, though it is true, that no owner of cattle receives a pecuniary income for ill treating them. Especially is he loser who in any way neglects or in any way ill-treats his cow.

The dumb beast may be incapable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, yet it most certainly knows when it is abused. Every animal will in some way tell of the treatment it receives, whether it be kind or harsh.

The cow will most emphatically tell her story of complaint over the milk pail by refusing to make her usual deposit in it, and for kindness shown she will take pleasure in yielding an equivalent.

As to the *quality* of the milk drawn from her, we know that the last drawn from her, at her usual mess, is by far the richest. This being so, reason will teach that if from fright or abuse, she does not yield her usual mess, what is lacking and remains secreted in the veins, is of the richest quality, and is a loss to the dairyman.

People who have anything to do with stock, especially with dairy cows, cannot be too quiet when treating with them at any time, but more especially at milking time. Nor should the milker slack the drawing of the milk or have a word of chat with any one, not even with a brother milker, but rather let the milk flow without a stop if possible, till the last drop is drawn, and then quietly leave the cow, which will be much better than to give her a slap with the stool.

THOMAS W. WARD.

Shrewsbury, Feb. 19, 1873.

PROFITS OF POULTRY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I send you an accurate statement of my experience in poultry raising, as I think it will compare favorably with the account in last week's *Ploughman*. On the first of Jan. 1872. I had a flock of twenty-one fowls.

Produce 231 dozen of eggs, which sold at an average of 34 cts. per doz.,	$78.54
11 fowls sold valued at	13.82
Hen manure,	2.00
Increase in number and value of fowls at the end of the year,	4.00
	$98.36
Expense of Feed,	26.58
Gain,	$71.78

Three hens were set during the season. Flock at the end of year twenty-five fowls. I had some Sicily fowls, and some breeds mixed, Brahma and Sicily, Black Spanish and Sicily. I had a Black Spanish hen in 1871 that laid two hundred eggs during the year, and never wanted to set.

A DEDHAM SUBSCRIBER.

Dedham, Feb. 18*th*, 1873.

SHALL WE PASTURE OUR MEADOWS.

This is another important question for farmers, but, like many others in the science of agriculture, it is one which, though a direct question, cannot be answered by either yes or no, but *conditionally*, if we may be allowed that term. To the person who would invariably respond to the above interrogation in the affirmative, we would personally submit the following case: If your meadows were wet and newly seeded, your pasture in excess of your stock, butter and beef at low figures, and (it being autumn) your meadow was so located or elevated as to lie bare of snow through the winter months, would you, under such circumstances, allow your stock to graze upon it, trampling the grass in the wet soil under their feet, pulling the grass out by its half formed roots, or closely feeding the same until the roots become bare, and then exposing the same uncovered to four or five months of severe winter's frost? If you still persist in your affirmative reply, then, truly you have mistaken your calling as a farmer or tiller of the soil. And, conversely to him who would persist in answering the interrogation invariably in the negative, we say: If (it being in autumn) your meadows were dry, and contained a very heavy growth of aftermath, butter or milk at fabulous prices, and you were intending to plough the meadow the ensuing spring, and your cattle in flesh resembling "Job's off ox," would there be any positive injury to such meadow to allow that heavy growth of aftermath to be at least half fed off? Thus it seems that in the solution of this problem there are many things to be taken into account: the condition of the soil, whether newly seeded, wet or dry, the growth of the aftermath, the price of butter, stock, hay, etc., the excess or insufficiency of the regular pasture, feed, or sowed fodder for the stock, the location of the meadow as regards the wind and snow; also, whether the hay is to be sold, or at least taken off, and no equivalent in the form of manure returned.

To the interrogation at the head of this article we give the following general answer: Except in some extreme cases, as a great scarcity of hay, etc., do not pasture the meadows in the spring, and seldom in the autumn, unless the aftermath be heavy, and then at the most not to exceed one-half or three-fourths of the same; for vegetable as well as animal life does require some warmth, or cost of protection, through the winter months.

In conclusion, we think we shall be safe in advancing this statement: that soiling, as sowed corn, is a far more economical and profitable food for stock than grass gnawed close down into the roots, to be doubly frozen the ensuing winter, and yielding to the penurious and disconsolate but half returns ever after.—O. A. P., *In Journal of the Farm.*

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

BEWARE OF WEEDS.

Hard-Hack, or Shrubby Cinque-Foil.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

Wolves are spoken of as sometimes making their appearance in sheep's clothing. It is generally true that vile weeds are sometimes disseminated under the guise of pretty shrubs and flowers. Having had our own fingers burned by sowing weeds under the name of flowers, we warn others against similar mistakes. A very excellent lady once recommended to us to sow on our flower beds the Callistegia, saying it was a perpetual bloomer and as beautiful as a rose. We sowed it and repented of the act on our knees for years afterwards, as we struggled to eradicate the pest, which seemed to have as many sources of vitality as the hydra. If a particle of root was left in the ground it would sprout as does witch grass. Another very enthusiastic admirer of flowers once sowed on our grounds "Butter and Eggs," a species of snap dragon. This was long years ago, and the dragon is still lurking about our farm. We are fond of butter and value eggs highly, but we never desire to raise them together in plant form.

We are reminded of this experience by noticing in the Monthly Report of our Commissioner of Agriculture for October, a recommendation of the Shrubby Cinque-Foil as an ornamental garden shrub for frontier settlers. In the Report for November and December, Mr. T. S. Gold of Cornwall, Conn., protested against this in the following, mild, but positive language.

"It is known here by the name of 'hard-hack,' and it is the worst plant we have. It is vastly more injurious than the Canada thistle or the daisy. Scarcely known fifty years ago, it now covers, to the exclusion of everything else, thousands of acres in northwestern Connecticut and western Massachusetts. It delights in strong, damp pasture land, and it is rapidly taking possession of such fields. Ploughing destroys it; mowing keeps it under, and it only spreads in moist, rough pasture land. It spreads alone by the seeds, which are blown on the surface of our winter ice and snow to great distances, and, seeding in a settler's yard, it would come up in any damp fence corners where the seed would lodge. It is a new comer here, and is twice as abundant as it was twenty-five years ago. Our old men well remember when it first attracted their attention. Though still unknown in some towns, it is decidedly the worst plant we have in Berkshire and Litchfield Counties."

We supposed this positive testimony of Mr. Gold, the able and candid Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, would settle their hard-hack matter, but no, the Commissioner comes out again in his January Report saying: "We had been acquainted with the shrub for many years and had never known of its disposition to spread unduly, and it has been in cultivation on the grounds of the Department here for many years without showing any such tendency." He also introduces the negative testimony of Mr. H. C. Beardslee of Painesville, Ohio, who says:

"I have collected botanical specimens of the plant in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Canada, and more recently in northern Ohio. I have met with it often in the more northern regions, and never in any locality sufficiently abundant to prove troublesome. But, where most abundant, it, the hard-hack, is far from being a nuisance."

Mr. Beardslee doubtless makes a mistake in confounding what Mr. Gold calls hard-hack, (Potentilla Fruticosa,) with what is called hard-hack in other localities, (Spiræa Tomentosa.) We know that what is called hard-hack in most places is a spirea, but that which passes under this name in western Massachusetts and Connecticut is the Shrubby Cinque-Foil, (Potentilla Fruticosa) and is an unmitigated nuisance. Mr. Beardslee seems to have an acquaintance with both these shrubs, for he closes his communication in praise of hard-hacks by saying: "Both the Potentilla Fruticosa and the Spirea are pretty shrubs," but we think his acquaintance with he Potentilla must have been limited, or he would not speak of it as "pretty." The thistle is pretty, and so is the burdock and every other weed, viewed separately with the eye of a botanist or florist: but if Mr. Watts, or Mr. Beardslee had seen thousands of acres overrun with hard-hacks, or had labored as many days as we have, to eradicate the pest, they would be more cautious in recommending the "pretty shrub." To the farmers in western Massachusetts and Connecticut, whose pastures have been ruined by Shrubby Cinque-Foil, it seems ugly, and only ugly, and that continually, and they are surprised that the Commissioner should offset the positive statements of so observing and reliable a witness as Mr. Gold, by the negative testimony of any one. Mr. Beardslee is doubtless honest in saying that he has never known the hard-hack to be "troublesome," but we can bring a thousand instances to prove that it is a most baneful weed, sucking the life blood out of tens of thousands of acres, and with all due respect to Mr. Watts, we desire to caution "frontier settlers," and interior settlers, and all others, against planting this "ornamental shrub."

Lee, Mass., Feb. 15, 1873.

The Poultry Interest.

EXTENSIVE POULTRY OPERATIONS.

The following descriptions of the operations of Messrs. Almon B. Robinson and H. H. Newton, of Greene, N. Y., in the poultry line, is copied from the Chenango *American*:

We were first shown the eggs; some packed with oats in barrels, and others in huge vats in buildings erected for picking purposes, one building being nearly filled with fresh eggs ready for market, and several other buildings containing vats large enough to hold some eight hundred barrels of eggs in pickle.

We now commenced asking questions, and Mr. Robinson commenced giving us some "big figures." He had bought already, this season, 120,000 dozen eggs, making some 1600 barrels, and was still buying all he could get; they cost him, when properly cured and packed, about twenty cents per dozen, so that he has paid out this season over $24,000 for eggs alone; every egg was carefully inspected before being packed, in order that none but sound ones should be thrown upon the market from his establishment.

We paused a moment and began to calculate. We mentally reckoned up the number of eggs, and found they amounted to nearly 1,500,000, and recollecting the old statement which we used to hear when we studied arithmetic, that if a person set out to simply count a million he would have a busy time for a month or so, we hinted to Mr. Robinson that he must have an inch to do in that it alone," and he then proceeded to show us a large room where most of the season four or five men are seated, examining the eggs by means of lights. More than 1300 bushels of oats are used annually for packing.

We were then shown the turkey yards and turkey roosts. There are sheds some eight hundred feet in length and fifteen feet in width, where the turkeys are shut up each night, and where suitable roosts are provided for them. They are fed from troughs so that there will be no waste of grain, and these troughs are eight hundred feet in length. The corn and other grain fed out amounts to about seven hundred bushels per month.

Mr. Robinson had been engaged in killing his turkeys for some time, but when we were there he had more than two thousand splendid great fellows promenading around the yards, many being from twenty to thirty pounds in weight. We never saw before such a sight—two thousand turkeys together. There were acres of them, apparently, and not a poor one among them; all were in good condition and ready to be slaughtered. About three thousand turkeys have already been purchased, beside large quantities of ducks and chickens. We were shown some large "bronze" turkeys which are by far the favorites there, and were told that in the two past years, owing to the introduction of the bronze breed, the average weight of turkeys in the county had increased nearly two pounds. We saw some hundred fine turkeys, that had just been killed and picked, and as endid fellows they were, yellow as gold and red as apples; and also a number of ducks, the finest we ever beheld. They were all packed snugly away on shelves, each with his head under his wing, awaiting his turn to be taken to the packing house where some eighteen tons of pou try are stored.

But at the door of the packing house our sight seeing ended. Mr. Robinson has, after years of experiment and study, found a mode of freezing his poultry in the early winter and keeping it in that state until the following April; but that is his secret, and one which he carefully guards. We do not know how it is done, but we do know that the poultry comes out of that packing house, at the expiration of several months, as sweet and well flavored as when it was first placed there.

The knowledge of this method of preserving meat, gives Mr. Robinson an immense advantage over the other poultry dealers, for while they must continue to feed their stock all winter to keep it in condition, he, when his fowls are once fatted, saves all further expense by killing them, and also while others must throw their stock upon the market at once or suffer it to spoil, he can quietly bide his time, watch the market, and make the most advantageous sale.

The Sheepfold.

COMBING WOOLS.

The distinction between these wools and the card or cloth wools, may be thus stated: Combing wools are those specially fitted for the process of combing by hand or machinery, which process consists in drawing out the fibres so that they may be straight and parallel; the shorter portions, called "noils," being removed by this operation. The fibres, having been read ered straight and parallel, are twisted and spun, and the yarn is called worsted. The ends of the fibre, being covered by the process of spinning, the yarns are smooth and lustrous.

An unprecedented demand for these wools has arisen in all manufacturing nations within the last ten or fifteen years, and the prices have more than doubled within that period. This is due, first, to the vast improvements in machinery for combing made within that period; and, secondly, to the late scarcity of cotton, and to the discovery that by the use of these wools with cotton warps, an admirable substitute is found for fabrics formerly made from the fibre of the alpaca.

Worsted yarns of the finer grades were made in this country to a very limited extent prior to 1860 or 1861, except those made of shorter wool delaines, the yarns manufactured prior to that date being principally designed for carpets. The introduction of the finer worsted yarns was due to our command of the Canada wools of English blood, which were admitted free under the reciprocity treaty. In 1866 an estimate submitted to the revenue commission placed the capital employed in the manufacture of delaines, in which American merino wools are used with shorter Canada wools—at $8,000,000, and the yearly value of the product of worsted goods is not less than $10,000,000.

There are some general considerations resulting from the history of prices, and the condition of wool production in the world, which we cannot pass by. The first of these considerations is the relative prices which combing wool a have attained in the markets of the world. In 1855 the price of English combing wool was 1s 12d. In 1864 the price of the same wools was 2s 4d. Cordova wools in 1855, 8 3-4d; in 1864, 11 1-2d Australian fleeces averaged in 1855, 1s. 8d in 1864, 1s 10d. Cape fleeces in 1855, 1s 5d; in 1864, 1s 4d. Buenos Ayres, fair mestizo, in 1855, 7d; in 1864, 8d. Thus, while in nine years the combing fleeces had doubled in price, the fine wools had about held their own.

The next practical question arising is: Where in this country shall combing wools be grown? The President of the National Wool Growers' Association asserts that the Cotswold and Leicester are well adapted to profitable breeding for mutton and wool combined, in situations where the lands are rich, not subject to drouth, are adapted to root culture, and where good city markets are accessible. "They are great favorites," he says, "with dairy farmers and with grain growing farmers who wish to keep but few sheep."

Another question is: What breeds of combing wooled sheep shall be kept?

The Cotswold appear to have the preference of by far the larger portion of the mutton producers, on account of size, hardiness, weight of fleece and weight of fibre. For the production of early lambs upon native or grade stock, the Southdown is the preference of three-fourths of the breeders, although the Cotswold is liked by many. The Leicester, the basis of English improvements, to which nearly all her improved breeds owe an infusion of their best blood—is too highly bred to escape deterioration under our careless practices. The Lincoln, as modified by the breeding of the last few years, is a magnificent animal, producing a lustrous combing wool of great length; and it is hoped the breed may gain a firm foothold upon certain districts characterized by succulent and abundant pasturage and large yields of roots and grains. Much of the mutton stock of the country is so mixed and degenerate that an expert would be puzzled to tell what breed is predominant, and the opinions of the sheep farmers as to the comparative merits of different breeds are consequently confused and erroneous. It is greatly to be desired that the efforts of honest and reliable importers and breeders of really fine animals should receive encouragement, that a better acquaintance with the best types of breeds may become general, and a more complete test of their compara- tive merits for different locations may be generally enjoyed.—I. E. HAYES, *in Rep. Dep. of Agriculture.*

"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

There is no occasion because a man is a farmer that he should be a drudge and a boor. We say therefore, read, study, plan done at this season of the year. The shortest, darkest, coldest, and most stormy days are the best for study, reading, and reflection, and the worst to do anything at farming.

There are a plenty of good books upon agriculture and general literature as well as newspapers that can be had *cheap*, and studied to advantage at this season of the year. In this way, however isolated a farmer may be, he can put himself in communion with the best minds in the country. All knowledge is valuable, but everything does not depend upon "book learning," and no amount of "book learning" will make up for a want of a knowledge of men and things in general. Most farmers are in too great a hurry to get rich, so that it is often said, and truly too, that there is but little usually in the farmer's home but hard work and drudgery; hence many flock to the cities and larger villages to engage in some other pursuit; indeed two thirds of the business men in the cities, came originally from the country.

Farmers should introduce more comforts into their homes in the shape of coal, kerosene, books, music and company.

No class of equal average means can and do live so well as the farmer. He can, if he will, gather about him and enjoy more real comfort than almost any one else. His labor is less wearing than the toil of counting rooms and offices, and he has more leisure.

Farmers should make it a point to be more in company, not only in their own homes, but by attending fairs and other suitable places. We need not dwell upon the advantages of society and coming in contact with men, for they are patent to the most casual observer. *A national holiday is a national blessing.*

Man is a social being, and apart from what can be seen and heard in society, the social influences are by no means to be overlooked. The farmer is naturally a good deal isolated throughout a considerable part of the year. It does not necessarily follow, of course, that he is less intelligent than other men. He may read, and study, and gain more from what he reads than those in other employments; but it cannot be denied that the influence of his occupation is rather against the cultivation of those social qualities which so much adorn our highest type of civilization. Yet it is the privelege of the farmer to make his home as attractive as possible. Many a family has been scattered, and the farm left quite desolate, for the want of these things which I have mentioned, even where there was, and is, money enough to buy them, and the children not finding these attractions at home, have very naturally

last year, and agreed to absent themselves from the place of distribution. Bradley declared that he, for one, would have no more of the parson's humbug, and sternly commanded his wife to remain at home. That ingenious lady, however, jesuitically contrived to evade the mandate, by requesting a neighbor to answer for her when her husband's name was called. And thus, in spite of his conscientious scruples, Bradley regaled himself on Pusseyitish beef, and was warmed by Arminian blankets.

The Duke gives a supper on Christmas eve to the farmers, and my uncle procured me an invitation. I am bound to state that there was plenty to eat and drink, especially to drink. Then, too, it is in such gatherings as these that the ducal house appears in all its pomp and splendor. They are evidently regarded as the king and queen of the district, and are honored and reverenced as much as greater potentates. They also have their court, and the usual train of sycophants and flatterers. The steward is prime minister, and has also his favorites and his toadies. Any farmer who wishes to make any improvement on his farm, or to have his buildings repaired, must take care to have the steward on his side. Now and then, some more than usually high spirited tenant, with bared head and almost bended knee, attempts to address the Duke in person. He is received with a cool stare of haughty disdain, if he is fortunate enough to obtain an audience, and the sterotyped reply to all such applicants is: "Ha! What! Ha! Well, tell Saunders about it." And as Saunders was not consulted at first, the poor petitioner gets just his "labor for his pains."

After supper was finished, the steward rose to propose the health of the noble host and hostess. Saunders had evidently read somewhere in his isolation, and I doubt whether even the correspondent of the *Morning Post* could have equalled the magnificence of his peroration. After listening to Saunders, I could only compare the Duke to Alexander the Great at the banquet in which he was feted as a god.

As the Duke rose to answer the toast, he was greeted with a tremendous burst of cheering, stamping, and waving of white handkerchiefs by the ladies. He was very red in the face, and although he had evidently prepared his speech, he seemed loth to begin. At length, catching her Grace's menacing eye, he made a desperate plunge, and commenced:

"My, aw, dear friends, er, er, aw, I, am glad to, er, er, welcome you, aw, er, to the halls of er, er, my illustrious, aw, ancestors, Aw, you and your, er, er, forefathers, er have served me, and, er, er, my noble, aw, progenitors, er, er, for more, than, er, nearly three hundred years. Aw, when I, er, er, consider the, er, immense, er, I say *immense*, aw, advantages which you, er, er, have given, hum, aw, received from my illustrious family, er, er, I can, er, er, express my, aw, great satisfaction, aw, and, er, er, I thank you."

With this very eloquent address, the Duke resumed his seat amidst uproarious applause. Presently he rose to propose the health of Jonathan Styles, who was the senior tenant on the estate. Old Styles had imbibed a little too much old ale, but he just managed to stagger to his feet and mutter: "Thank'ee kindly, yer Grace!" in a tone which set all the company in a roar.

Soon after, the ducal party retired, and the household servants came in to join in the fun. The party then became much like other parties here. The young people flirted; the married ladies gossiped, and the gentlemen got drunk. But, as every one here gets drunk on the slightest provocation, the novelty of the thing is destroyed. I did not enjoy the party much. Young Saunders, the steward's son, would hang round cousin Maria, and I could hardly get a word with her all the evening. Between ourselves, Mr. Editor, if that fellow does not look out, I shall give him *Yankee Doodle* before long.

I remain, your faithful servant,

H. A. HAMMOND.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873

THE CREDIT MOBILIER REPORT AND OAKES AMES.

The report of the committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate the charges of the connection with members of Congress with the corporation known as the Credit Mobilier of America, made their report to the House last week at great length, in which they stated the evidence taken by them, accompanied with the results arrived at by the committee, and ending with resolutions for the expulsion of Hon. Oakes Ames, the principal actor, and Hon. James Brooks of New York. The report has been the subject of comment far and wide, and it is obvious to all that no subject of the kind has ever excited so much interest in the country. The report has been attacked on all sides, various objections and arguments have been raised against its conclusions, and Congress itself, as shown by the debate on the resolutions, has been greatly divided as to their justness.

It has always seemed to us that these investigating committees virtually and in effect occupied very much the position of grand jurors, whose province it is to hear one side of a story, to get at facts sufficient to frame an indictment, hearing only the evidence which the prosecuting officers see fit to bring before them, and only incidentally having opportunity to hear and ascertain what facts tell in favor of the accused. The investigation is apt to be one sided, and the findings of the committee, too often like that of the grand jury, are merely the results derived from a partial hearing, in which the parties in interest have not the opportunity to state fully their side of the case. In effect they are merely bills of indictment, preferring charges against a supposed offender against the law, and saying that the evidence brought before them is such as to require legal or other investigation.

The action of this committee is a notable instance of the view we take of investigations of the kind. The accused parties to be sure were allowed to make their own statements, but the inquiry was managed entirely in the hands of the committee, they summoned such witnesses as they saw fit, no arguments were heard, they sat with closed doors to decide upon it, and in no sense can their finding be considered final, or as establishing the facts or results arrived at on a sound judicial or common sense basis, which should fix the status of the accused parties in reference to the facts found. The presumption, as in all legal trials, is still that the accused is innocent until found to be guilty, and in a matter of the grave importance of the one under consideration, the accused should be entitled to all the benefits of that presumption.

It appears from the report itself and the evidence taken before it, that Mr. Ames was one of the leading managers of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, that the Credit Mobilier was formed for the purpose of building the road, that the great work could not be accomplished until Mr. Ames took the whole thing upon his shoulders, staked the whole of his large fortune on the fate of the road, and determined to build it if it ruined him. No capitalists could be induced to invest in it, but Mr. Ames saw that it could be done, and it is in evidence that the project which he undertook was considered by railroad men as extremely hazardous, and it so happened that the terms and conditions on which he offered to build it turned out to be advantageous. Of that no just complaint can be made. If he had failed in it he would have been ruined, and perhaps many others connected with it. As it was the contract was successful and money was made on it, and by previous arrangement the profit inured to the advantage of the stockholders of the Credit Mobilier. It was a tremendous risk, and like all other risks, there was a chance of great profit, and Oakes Ames and his associates risked the losing of all their property. This position is sustained by all the railroad men of the country; there was a time when the prospects of the completion of the road were very dark indeed, and when success crowned the efforts of the men of courage who stood by it, fault is found, and that years after the event, with the way in which the thing was accomplished.

The value of the railroad to the country need not now be enlarged upon. It has saved the government already immense sums in transportation of mails and supplies, ten or twelve million dollars at least. The nation could afford it if it had cost twice as much, and the part it is yet destined to perform in the development of the country through which it passes, and in adding to our wealth and strength, can be but dimly foreseen. It is an accomplished fact, and one of the grandest and most wonderful achievements of modern times. To have been the one to whom above all others the country is indebted for the road and its advantages is enough for any man's highest ambition and honor.

The country cannot afford to recompense one who has served it so well, with any the least measure of disgrace. No report of an investigating committee, no aspersions of interested opponents, or of selfish politicians can lower Mr. Ames in the estimation of those who know his integrity, his honor, his enterprise and business ability shown in all his long and honorable life, and especially in the severe trials which it is well known pened. Out of them all he has come with a bright and untarnished name, which stands and will stand unimpeached in the minds of his thousands of friends and acquaintances in spite of the ex parte report of this or any other committee of investigation.

The report finds that Mr. Ames sold stock in his company to members of Congress. So he and his friends did to thousands of others. Members of Congress had a right to buy it, and he had a right to sell it. The Committee do him and the congressional holders of stock the unwilling justice to say that neither he nor they had any corrupt motive or intent in so doing, and that their action as members of Congress was not affected in any way by being stockholders. All who know Mr. Ames will believe him when he says that his hands and his heart were true and free and innocent of any wrong intent. The paltry amounts involved negative any such idea. He did nothing under a bushel. He made no secret of his disposition of stock. It looks on the face of it as if his kindness and desire to do a good thing for his friends prompted the transactions. Moreover it is certain that the position and condition of the company were well known by financial men in business centres, and his transactions with the members of Congress were as well known in and out of Congress at the time they occurred. If there was wrong and bribery and corruption in them, why were they not then taken notice of? The Congress of 1867-68 was as honorable and pure as the Congress of to-day. A panic seemed to seize upon the members whose names have been drawn into this investigation, and their denials or defective memories have given an undue prominence and a color of suspicion to the transactions, which has damaged their reputations much more than it will permanently affect that of Mr. Ames. He has acted consistently throughout, he has no denial of fact and no perjury to bear the reproach of.

The interest of the country in the investigation long since changed from the matters at first put in issue, and centered in the bungling efforts of certain individuals to extricate themselves from positions in which [illegible] the name of OAKES AMES will come out of the trial untarnished, while the honorable reputations of some others, we are sorry to say, will not be saved by the labored attempt of the Committee's report, or of any body or party of men in Congress, to make the former the scapegoat to bear the sins of Mr. Ames.

The Inauguration.—Next Wednesday is the occasion of the inauguration of President Grant for the second term of office to which he has been elected by the people. Extensive preparations have been made to give an imposing character to the ceremonies, and there will be a large military display, in which several regiments of United States troops and many State military organizations will take part. The Lancers leave this city on Saturday, (to-day) to proceed to Washington to appear in the procession. They will be accompanied by Adjutant-General Cunningham. A magnificent ball will be given in the evening, which will be on a most extensive scale.

The Milk Producers' Association.—In consequence of the recent snow storm and the interruption of railway travel, the attendance of the members of the Milk Producers' Association of this State and New Hampshire, at Ayer, on Monday, was so small that it was decided to have the meeting of an informal character, and the forenoon was spent in discussing questions pertaining to the interests of the Association. Daniel Round, Esq., was the chief speaker. The secretary of the Association read the report of the railroad commissioners on the Milk Producers' Association. Several gentlemen then made remarks upon the contents of the paper, all expressing themselves as highly satisfied with it. They confidently stated that this report gave the milk producers the power to manage their own business for their own benefit far more so than contractors and railroads had been accustomed to grant them. The monopoly of the middle men is largely taken away. After deciding to hold the special meeting of the Milk Producers' Association at Ayer on Wednesday, March 5, the meeting was dissolved.

Let every Milk Producer be sure and attend the meeting next Wednesday. Arrangements are made for free return checks.

The Legislature.—The bill repealing the ale and beer clause in the liquor law has passed both Houses by a large majority, and has become a law. An additional judge of the Supreme Court has been provided for. A petition now is before a committee, signed by numbers of the best citizens of the State praying for the expunging of the resolution of censure on Senator Sumner, for introducing the resolve in Congress to erase from the army flags the memorial inscriptions of the victories of the rebellion. The railroad committee is still giving hearings on the consolidation of the Hoosac Tunnel lines of railroad, and much evidence has been taken before them. The Boston and Lowell and Fitchburg roads are making strong efforts to bring about a scheme to give them the control of the tunnel.

Modern Rheumatism.—Even the children and oftentimes infants, have this dreadful complaint in these days, and it is believed by capable judges that it comes of the modern ways of living, using furnaces, furs, overshoes, and all those other enervating agencies of which the old-time folk knew nothing. There is no doubt a great deal in it. Rheumatism and neuralgia now go everywhere, and they rack young constitutions fearfully. Men are exposed to the rigors of the weather ten times as much as the other sex, yet the latter form the much larger part of the victims of this awfully trying ailment. The inference would seem to be, that in order to escape rheumatism we must coddle ourselves less, and buffet more; we must not suffocate ourselves in a dry furnace atmosphere, but take the hot and cold, the wet and dry, pretty nearly as it comes.

The Vienna Exposition.—The experiments with agricultural machines at the Vienna Exhibition will be made at Leopoldedorf estate, about eighteen miles from Vienna. The trial of mowers, reapers and rakes will commence on the 26th of June, while the 14th of July is assigned to threshers and cleaners, and the 24th of July to steam ploughs, scarifiers and harrowers. Exhibitors will be amply provided with horses, water and steam, and there is every reason to believe that in this department, at least, American skill and inventive genius will be largely represented.

CONGRESS.

At the beginning of the week only eight days of the session remained for work, and there was a vast amount of unfinished business. Four of the appropriation bills remained unacted on by the Senate, and two remained to be passed on by the House. In addition to these were the Pomeroy and Caldwell bribery cases in the Senate, and the Credit Mobilier report to come up for action in both Houses, as also the bill for the distribution of the Geneva award, and scores upon scores of other bills, most of them of no public importance.

The Senate in the last few days previous to Monday debated but one of the appropriation bills, the Post Office. Several amendments were made, one requiring persons receiving mail matter by the free delivery system to provide receptacles for safe and speedy delivery, and repealing all laws permitting free transportation of any mail matter whatever. This will bear unfavorably on newspapers which now circulate free in counties where published.

A long discussion took place on a motion to strike out the claim providing for $500,000 increase of compensation for the transportation of mails on the railroads, in which it was shown that the practice of railroads furnishing postal cars, which is a great convenience to the public and the department, could not be kept up without loss to the railroads at the present rates of compensation. The amendment was finally withdrawn and the bill passed.

The House bill for the distribution of the money to be paid under the Geneva award was reported adversely on in the Senate. The Senate had already passed a bill for the same purpose, and it was said by the committee that the House it was deemed more convenient to take the House act on the Senate bill.

In the House the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was passed after brief debate, as also several bills reported by the committee on military affairs, among them a bill providing that no person shall be promoted in the army who is addicted to the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors.

The bill reopening certain State war claims was rejected by a close vote.

Fernando Wood of New York created some excitement in the House by moving that the testimony taken before the Credit Mobilier investigating committee be referred to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report articles of impeachment against Vice President Colfax, if in its judgment there was evidence warranting the course. The resolution was rejected by a vote of 105 to 109. The House then passed a resolution referring the testimony to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to inquire whether anything in the testimony warrants articles of impeachment of any officer of the United States not a member of the House. The committee on Monday reported adversely, on the ground that no officer can be impeached for acts committed before becoming such officer.

The Wilson investigating committee has reported on their investigation of the Credit Mobilier transactions as affecting the rights and interests of the government, in which they come to the conclusion that the government was a heavy loser by reason of the peculiar mode adopted to finish the Pacific Railroad, and recommended suits to be brought in the courts.

A lively discussion arose in the House on an amendment to the Civil Appropriation bill to appropriate $500 000 for the purchase of an addition to the site of the Boston Post Office, which was adopted with a proviso that the city of Boston should widen certain streets.

Mr. Banks, at one of the evening sessions of the House, made an earnest speech on the Cuban question, in which he denounced the intolerable and barbarous conduct of the Spaniards in the Island, lauded the insurgents, and declared that American trade and interests suffered by the continuance of the present state of affairs, but suggested no plan of interference.

The House has passed the River and Harbor bill, with amendments, one of which was $15,000 for removing the sand bar at Salem, Mass. On Monday the House took up the Fishery bill reported by the committee on foreign affairs, to carry out the provisions of the treaty of Washington. It was engineered by Mr. Banks, who made strong speeches in favor of it, and its principal opponent was Gen. Butler, who declared that it threw open the great lakes to the competing rivalry of England. The President also sent a message to the House urging the passage of the bill. It was finally passed by 145 to 30. The bill provides for the introduction of the products of the fisheries in the British provinces into the United States free of duty, provided the provincial legislature pass such laws as are required by the terms of the Treaty. The bill also provides for reciprocal use by the two countries of the lakes and the St. Lawrence. The bill subsequently passed the Senate.

The House had another debate on the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bill, on a substitute proposing that the salary of the President shall be $50,000, and among others the compensation of members of Congress $7500. The substitute prevailed, the increase to members of Congress applying to this session.

Extra Session of the United States Senate.—It is usual on the commencement of a new administration, to convene the Senate in extra session on the fourth of March to act on the appointments of the President. Although there is to be no change of administration this time, a new presidential term commences, and the President has issued a proclamation declaring that the public business requires an extra session of the Senate, to commence on the fourth, and has issued his proclamation calling the session accordingly.

The Credit Mobilier Debate.—The House devoted itself on Tuesday entirely to the consideration of the resolutions for the expulsion of Hon. Oakes Ames and James Brooks, for their conduct in connection with the Credit Mobilier stock. Great anticipations were excited of the interest of the proceedings, and the Representatives' hall and the galleries were filled at an early hour with an expectant throng. Every facility was afforded to accommodate the visitors, the area of the floor was given up to ladies, and chairs were placed in the aisles. Upwards of four thousand people were in the hall and many more were pressing for admission. The interest of the public in this subject has not been equalled at any time since the debate or the impeachment of President Johnson. Mr. Poland, the chairman of the committee, opened with a legal argument of an hour and a half, and then Mr. Ames had read by the clerk an eloquent defense of his course, which was followed with the sympathetic attention of the audience. The paper was an able one and was splendidly read by the clerk of the House. Several other members spoke on opposite sides, and the session was prolonged until eleven o'clock at night, when it adjourned without reaching a vote.

Notables at the Vienna Exposition.—The Prince of Wales, who is President of the British Commission, will probably assist at the opening of the Vienna Exhibition. The Shah of Persia will be present. Emperor William will visit St. Petersburg at the end of May, and proceed thence to Vienna, accompanied by the Czar. A dispatch from Cettigne states that Prince Nicholas, the Hospodar of Montenegro, is preparing to set out for the Exhibition. A Paris journal states that President Thiers will visit the Exhibition after the payment of the fourth milliard of the war indemnity, and may meet Prince Bismarck there.

WEATHER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Yesterday afternoon it commenced snowing, and continued till sometime in the night. I judge that about ten inches fell. A strong northwest wind is now twirling the light, fleecy snow in every direction, and piling it up in places many feet deep. On most of our cross roads the snow is even with the top of the fences, consequently putting a stop to sledding till a more convenient season. The snow in the woods is plump four feet deep. Some of our people are anticipating sweeping freshets. However, this will depend very much upon the greater or less rapidity with which the great body of snow is changed into water. The ice in our streams is of unusual thickness, a sudden breaking up of which, with a high freshet would make sad work with many of our bridges and railroads. The breaking up of the ice and rise of water in many of the States has caused much loss of life and property within the past few weeks; we hope to escape similar disasters.

Our lumbermen say they have never known so bad a winter for business. The great depth of snow, and a hard, icy crust that will bear up a good sized man, causes the making of new paths in the woods an expensive job. The extra snow drifts that are being manufactured to-day, will serve to make a bad matter worse.

LEVI BARTLETT.

Warner, N. H., Sat. noon, Feb. 22, 1873.

(From the "Nebraska State Journal.")

CLIMATE OF THE WEST.

WINTER STORM IN MINNESOTA.

At the time of writing—the close of this month of January, 1873—the record of the season, however, is known to make it certain that a dreadful calamity has befallen the State, which, during the summer and early fall, is one of the most lovely in the Union. From the eastern seaboard to the Rocky Mountains, the month of January has been unusually severe; but upon Minnesota it has come with a terribly destructive power. Only up to the track of the Northern Pacific Railroad can the State be regarded as well settled; and, in going so far north as the track, an extreme limit is taken. North of the road are the pine barrens, where clumps of dwarf pines break the monotony of the infertile prairie. South of the Pacific road, however, the land is good, in fact, there is there found some of the best wheat lands in the country. The outline is rolling; and the scene is diversified by oak openings, numerous clear streams, and crystal lakes. In some parts, also, the woods become forests. This portion of Minnesota is fairly settled; and it is here where the storm, which burst over the land on the 7th of January, has been most disastrous in its results. Winter is commonly severe in this State; but this winter must be long remembered for its exceptional horrors, though the *Fædrelandet og Emigranten*, a Norwegian paper published at La Crosse, Wis., states that the storm is only a little worse than that which fell on the land on the 13th of February, 1872. A correspondent of the *Minneapolis Tribune* describes the beginning of this storm. Writing from Atwater, he states that January 7th began as a pleasant winter's day; and he and a friend started on a day's sleighing journey along the track of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. Before noon the snow began to fall in large, moist flakes. Down came the blinding drift, slowly and noiselessly through the air. For four hours this continued; and then, says the writer: "The storm swooped down upon us from the northwest with demoniac fierceness. * * * Once or twice the trail was almost lost, and our hearts sank like lead, for to wander was almost certain death." They reached a lone and solitary house, however, and there obtained shelter. "The sweep of the tempest now became terrible, the snow filling the air so that at no time was the stable, fifty rods away, visible, and only occasionally could we catch a glimpse at a wagon not twenty feet from this window. At the time of this writing the storm has been raging twenty hours, and still goes on with unabated violence. We are shut up in a little hut 10x12 feet, with a family of Swedes, and the prospect is we shall have to remain night on it. Just at this moment the farmer has come in from the wood pile, at the end of his nose frozen white as snow. It is growing colder, and we get no comfort, but by huddling close to the red hot stove. Three antelope fell into the barn many days' storms here, but this is far the worst ever known. The man who occupied the nearest house was frozen to death last winter, not near the severity of this. He was coming home from the grove with firewood, and perished within a short distance from home. Heaven help those who were caught out at the coming of this storm, for unless they were on some frequented track, and near shelter like ourselves, they are beyond human aid."

This prevision has been more than justified by the event. The *St. Paul Press* of January 15th records four deaths, and the *Fædrelandet og Emigranten* of January 22d, presents a terrible catalogue. According to this newspaper, in the neighborhood of Fergus Falls, Minn., eight persons died; and in Blue Earth county a man frozen stiff was discovered. This team presented an awful sight. The driver was frozen on the seat; and at the bottom of the sleigh were seven frozen corpses. The number of deaths in Stevens, Douglas, and Otter Tail counties is put down at 70; and many persons are missing, of whose fate nothing was known. Others were badly frozen, and they will be cripples for life. In the neighborhood of Pomme de Terre, in Wilkins county, three men and two teams were found dead, and whole herds of cattle perished; and in Kandiyohi county 27 persons were lost. Among these were six freighters. At New Ulm the situation was fearful. Shortly before the storm broke out, 100 teams left that town in various directions, and many of them had not been heard from. As the snow was being cleared from the Winona & St. Peter's railroad, a sleigh with a dead team hitched thereto, and two dead men in the vehicle, was discovered. At Breckenridge, on the Northern Pacific railroad, a blacksmith lost his way between his shop and his house—a distance of about 150 feet, and his dead body was found two miles away. At Crystal two dead bodies were discovered; at Medalia five; at St. James ten; at Mountain Lake two; at Wyadum three; at Aaron Lake three; at Worthington three; and besides these, whose deaths are certain, there were many missing. At Minnesota Falls eleven bodies were found; at Redwood Falls, six; and at Lake Hinsley thirteen.

In the neighborhood of Fort Ridgley, seven school children, who were returning to their homes, were lost in the storm. A woman, resident near New Ulm, was about to give birth to a child, and her husband went to the city for medical assistance. No doctor would return with him, though he was promised any amount of money. The husband was lost, and the wife and mother was found dead, with a newly born babe dead beside her. Within a radius of 25 miles from Fergus Falls, the *Fædrelandet* records a total loss of fifty; and fifty-three north and west from Alexandria. Railroad traffic in the State was blocked, of course; but perhaps the most graphic summary of the disaster may be given in the following extracts from a private letter, published in the *Chicago Tribune* of January 25. The writer, Oscar Frank, addresses his letter from Owatonna, Minn., Jan. 20. "It is estimated, he says, "that there were from 100 (?) to 700 persons lost in our State alone; and a great many have not been found, and perhaps will not before spring.

"The cause lasted about three days, and seemed to increase as it advanced. A person could hardly walk a mile without freezing to death, it was so windy and cold. * * * There were five trains buried on the Central Railroad. On some of them you could not see the wheels on the brakes on the top of the trains. They have at last got them out—about all being freight trains. Early married couple was going home, and got caught out; but they were sensible, turned over the cutter, and got under. The snow drifted over them, and they stayed there till found, I think over 48 hours." This is a picture of the January, 1873, storm in Minnesota. Terrible even in outline; what must it not have been to those who were stricken down beneath its weight?

Old Style Singing.—Rev. Mr. MURRY says some good things for congregational singing such as it once was. He wants it restored in its primeval impressions and power; the hoary scriptural phraseology of the hymns; the banishment of those vocal gymnastics which catch the superficial attention, but leave no impression on the heart; no more of the sentimental and trashy material that is worked up in choir music; no more squeaks of vitiated operas; but serious and undesecrated sanctimony singing, whose mystic influence will live in the heart of man from generation to generation. He wants, in fine, a radical reform in the business; a change not only in the style of music, but in the matter of hymnody. And all the people will rise up and say Amen to Mr. Murray, who seems to understand well what he is talking about.

READ AND RUN.

—A commission is now out on the Texan frontier looking after things, and its reports will probably be based on entirely new policy relative to Mexico.

—Those who are interested in smelt fishing are taking steps to appear before the Legislature with a memorial looking to their better protection.

—The famous Rochdale Association of laborers in England organized in 1843 with a capital of twenty-eight pounds, which was in those thirty years increased to one hundred thousand.

—Every police station in the city is to be connected with the chief's office by a separate telegraph wire.

—A shoop on the boulevard St. Martin, in Paris, draws great crowds of gazers, who stop to see a pile of imitation twenty frame pieces representing in value the five milliards of francs, or one thousand millions of dollars, which France has just paid as ransom money to Germany.

—The City Commission on annexation favors only a comprehensive plan, that shall embrace the absorption of several of the surrounding towns at once.

—One branch of the Rhode Island Legislature has repealed the law forbidding the intermarriage of whites and negroes.

—Gov. Sprague has a house containing sixty rooms, at Narragansett Pier.

—All policemen who carry billies are not on that account goats.

—How to distribute the Geneva Award money is a problem that still waits upon sundry congressional hitches for its final solution.

—A department for teaching economical cookery and household management is sought to be engrafted upon the schools for girls in England, and something very much after that fashion would undeniably prove an excellent thing in this country of our own.

—The "sweet pretty" names for girls that are to be met with in marriage notices constitute a straw to show the drift and depth of popular sentiment on certain subjects that possess more than the average interest.

—The Secretary of the Treasury has absurdly thought of issuing a pamphlet to show that Mr. Bladstone is a Jesuit in disguise.

—The General Term of the Court of Appeals, before which Stokes's case is to come, will sit in March, and if it decides favorably on the exceptions taken he will be granted a new trial. Material evidence in addition is said to be forthcoming, in case a third trial is allowed.

—The character and competency of jurors, and indeed the whole jury system is receiving free discussions from the leading journals of the country, in view of recent public experience.

—The Vienna exhibition building cost five millions, exclusive of the land.

—Father Tom Burke cleared, while in this country, by his lectures for charities, the splendid sum of three hundred thousand dollars.

—There was a serious riot in the New York Bowery, on the 22d, as is natural.

—In attempting to get out of State Prison, where he was sentenced for seven years, the infamous Rosenzwig, of New York, stands a good chance of being indicted for murder.

—Mr. Beecher is engaged in delivering lectures through the West.

—An extra session of the Senate has been called for the fourth of March.

—Brooklyn dedicated its new Town Hall on the 22d, and an appropriate address was delivered by Robert C. Winthrop.

—A statue of Israel Putnam, in bronze, is to be set up in one of the public squares of Hartford. The old General is held in high regard in Connecticut.

—Kansas is picking up several large colonies in New England, this season, which will shortly begin to move out to that young lion of a State.

—Gen. Butler has been criticising the Civil Service Reform questions in a way to bring them into decided contempt.

—Unless Congress makes more generous appropriations, Hell Gate cannot be fully cleared out within a year or two.

—The Newburyport schoolhouse ghost is the talk of that town, besides being as widely known through the newspapers as Hamlet's ever was.

—There are sixty-six workmen at Watertown Arsenal, and twenty seven military men.

—The famous Jumel Will case has at length been decided for the defendant. Charles O'Connor receives the congratulations of the bar for his victory in the courts.

—Two women have recently been beheaded in Naples, for having been guilty of infanticide, in practising what is known as baby farming.

—Nothing has been done so far by Congress to get along towards specie payments. Resumption seems as far off as ever.

—McKinney, who was to have been hung in this city for the murder of Hicks, a couple of years ago, was respited by the Governor until March 21st.

—New York appears to be no nearer its new charter than it was before the election.

—The President has decided not to make the southern tour which he had projected, owing to the state of the public business.

—Nothing ever created such profound and universal excitement in Congress as the Poland Report on the Credit Mobilier investigation.

—The point is to get Capt. Jack, of the Modoc tribe, to come to terms sufficiently for compassing an interview.

—Presidents of banks in the interior find it necessary to go to New York and have conferences with thieves and burglars about the restoration of their stolen property, after it was plundered from their vaults.

—The Cuban party in the United States feel greatly encouraged by the present appearance of affairs on the island.

—It is proposed to get ready for the consideration of the next Congress a patent system similar to that of Germany.

—Chicago has been threatened with another extensive fire. A large distillery and adjoining cattle yards were destroyed, and twelve hundred Texas cattle were let loose upon the prairie.

—The Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society properly celebrated the birthday anniversary of Washington, in Tremont Temple, and an address was delivered by Wm. B. Spooner.

—The danger from the Schuylkill ice gorge is abating, on account of the water's escaping by degrees through the rifts in the accumulated ice.

—The New England Association of the soldiers of the War of 1812 held their annual meeting in this city on Washington's Birthday in the Board of Trade rooms. A large number of the members were absent by reason of the infirmities of age.

—Smallpox is rapidly vanishing from sight, and little or nothing is now to be heard about it in general conversation.

—We ought to have an early spring if the seasons are to be equitably distributed again. The winter has had its own way unmolested for its regular term.

—Guiteot, the eminent French statesman, is now nearly ninety years of age. He has been recently interviewed, and says that Napoleon is gone by, while on the whole he thinks France is sick and needs nothing so much as rest.

—The Stewart Fall in Washington was called "high jinks" indeed. Senator Stewart comes from Nevada.

—The strike in South Wales has made the price of coal pinch in England.

—The keepers have put the convicts in the Georgia penitentiary to work on an air line rail road. Some of them may strike a bee line for somewhere.

—A whole string of Chinese queues dangle, by way of a sign, from a San Francisco barber's pole. He minds his queues, if he does not care for his pa.

—The West is sprinkled all over with opera houses. They will outnumber the dwelling houses, if people do not mind.

—India took forty million dollars for her opium crop last year, which she sold to outsiders.

—Even Alaska is sending down her apples to market, just because it is a good year everywhere else.

—The Chinese miners are poking about in Mexico, to see what can be done there.

—In Indiana, they get up masquerade weddings, which are just the thing for real divorces.

—For some reason best known to itself, the Georgia legislature proposes to forbid the sale or barter of all agricultural products between sunset and sunrise.

—One boss organ grinder in New York has forty peripatetics in his regular employ.

—The Saints at Salt Lake have a visit at present from the smallpox, but they are said to be so busy about other matters that they have paid their new visitor but little attention as yet.

—The Legislature has finally abolished beer.

The Growth of Cities.—New York and Brooklyn are seriously contemplating a union of municipal forces. The act would at once place New York in the first rank, not merely in this country but in the world. Brooklyn is a part of New York already. Between Cambridge and Boston there is likewise a strong fraternal feeling growing up, so that it would be no great surprise if the two cities, with Charlestown and other towns, became one within a short time. Where it is a natural growth, and not purely mechanical action with legislative sanction, it is a standing evidence of the rapid growth of the entire country in population, capital, enterprise and prosperity. Boston is growing as well as New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ From Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, the popular and successful publisher of Sunday School books, we have received *The City of Noorna*, and its Famous Physician, an allegorical tale in which some fancy they have seen an imitation of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. It is by the author of Morcroft Hatch, New Stories, &c., and is a valuable addition to the series of Sunday School books.

☞ *Lippincott's Magazine* for March, contains a list of very instructive, entertaining and well written articles. The National Trans-Alleghany Water Way, by Prof. Thompson B. Maury, strongly sets forth the advantages and possibilities of opening a water communication between the East and the Mississippi Valley, by a canal through the Alleghany Range. Mrs. Chesebro's tale of Probationer Leonhbard is concluded, and we have papers by Wm. Black, Chauncey Hickox, John E. Cooke, and others, some of which are anonymous. Lippincott's is one of the handsomest of our monthlies, and has a brilliant array of contributors. A beautiful chromo, The Bride at Home, is offered as a premium to subscribers. Received from A. Williams & Co., corner of School and Washington streets.

☞ The *Eclectic* for March has for its frontispiece a finely engraved portrait of Brett Harte, and a most readable and entertaining selection of articles from the best of the foreign monthly and quarterly magazines. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York, and received from A. Williams & Co., at the "Old Corner" Bookstore.

☞ The *Aldine* for March, contains large full page engravings of After the Storm, from Jules Tavernier, From Ghent to Aix, by J. D. Smillie, together with a multitude of others of less size, but all most faithfully and elegantly engraved in the best style of the art. The Aldine does a great work in the diffusion of the beautiful productions of the best artists, bringing faithful copies of them within reach of all, and cultivating a love of the beautiful in art. It is an elegant number. Published at $5,00 a year, or 50 cents a number, by James Sutton & Co., New York. Don't forget that two fine chromos are given to every subscriber.

☞ The Illustrated articles in *Scribner's Monthly* for March include an interesting description of "Life in the New Diamond Diggings" of South Africa; "Professor Morse and the Telegraph," with the only correct account of the sending of the first telegram, of which a facsimile is given, as well as a fac-simile of the first daguerreotype of the human face ever made in America; "Napoleon II, King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt," with several portraits of the son of the first Napoleon and curious particulars of his life; and "Folk-Life in German By-Ways" with a number of interesting pictures. In the present instalment of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," there is a description of a "revival" in a New England village, and "Aunt Filek" makes her first appearance. There are other equally interesting and timely papers, and the number is an usually rich one. Received from A. Williams & Co.

☞ The *American Protestant* is a new candidate for popular favor in monthly literature. Its key note is opposition to Romanism. Published by S. M. Kennedy, Philadelphia, at $1,75 a year.

☞ Mr. Shorey's *Nursery* for March is one of the richest of all the numbers of this beautiful publication. The pictures are decidedly original and many of them very funny. Parents who overlook this great source of attraction and entertainment for young children make a great mistake.

☞ We have received from Messrs. Lee & Shepard, another of Scribner, Armstrong & Co's. capital series entitled Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration and Adventure. The present volume contains travels and explorations in the *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, with maps and illustrations, compiled by Bayard Taylor from the books of Capts. Speke, Grant and others. It is full of interest and is elegantly printed.

☞ The *Westminster Review* for January is received from the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton street, New York. Its articles are of a high tone and character. They are Sophocles; Parliamentary Eloquence; The Decline of the Old French Monarchy; the Republicans of the Commonwealth; the Christian Evidence Society; the Gladstone Administration; and the usual brief but comprehensive reviews of Contemporary Literature, embracing about fifty pages.

☞ The *Stassfurt Potash Salts* advertised in another column, are well known and approved by the best judges as one of the best artificial fertilizers in the market. The New England agents, J. F. Hawes & Co., will receive contracts for its sale and delivery in quantities to suit. It is one of the cheapest articles in the trade.

☞ "A slight cold," coughs. Few are aware of the fearful consequences of neglecting a cough, or "slight cold" which would yield to a mild remedy, but if neglected often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial *Troches*" give sure and almost immediate relief.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

All good housekeepers use the Crescent Soap for clean ing house, kitchen, silver, etc. It will leave a polish on the paint different from any other Soap.

For sale by all grocers. oct28-tf

THE AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT.

For beauty, durability and economy is superior to any other paint. See card in this paper. aug11-tf

☞ E. D. SPEAR, M. D., The Old Indian Doctor,

Stock *Celebrated for His Remarkable Cures.*

OFFICE, 713 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. Dr. SPEAR can be consulted upon ALL Diseases. aug9-tf

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Feb. 10, by Rev. S. H. Winkley, Mr. Joseph H. Rhodes to Miss Minnie A. Hurd. In Roxbury, Feb. 18, Manuel Lemos to Miss Adelaide C. Adams; Feb. 19, Mr. Christopher Lee to Miss Mary Ann Hall.

In Dedham, Feb. 20, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Frederico De Angelis to Miss Ella A. Pike.

In Lynn, Feb. 20, at King's Chapel, by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mr. Frederick R. Nourse to Miss Bessie W., daughter of Theodore A. Neal, Esq.

In Lynn, Feb. 25, at St. Mark's Church, by Rev. C. C. Tiffany, Mr. Waldo Gates of Providence to Miss Alice Alderman of Boston.

In Lynn, Feb. 24, in First Church, by Rev. Chandler Robbins, Mr. Frank M. Rice to Miss Helen C., daughter of Joseph Richardson, all of Lynn.

In South Boston, Feb. 24, by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, Dr. William N. Wells to Miss Elizabeth Lincoln, both of Boston.

In Charlestown, Feb. 24, by Rev. Albert E. Dunning, Mr. Thomas Van Ryl to Miss Mary A. Addison; Feb. 20, Mr. Manuel Lemos to Miss Margaret Gaw.

In Chelsea, Feb. 20, by Rev. A. P. Foster, Mr. Orrin P. Smith to Miss Nellie T. Pratt, both of Chelsea; Feb. 20, by Rev. S. H. Winkley, Mr. Aaron R. Chase to Miss May J. Putnam.

In Jamaica Plain, Feb. 22, by Rev. P. A. Schwarz, Mr. Robert G. F

MONEY AFFAIRS AND BUSINESS.

The season is rather advanced for business, but the buyers from the South and West are making their appearance in our market, and the fall spring trade will soon commence. The weather thus far has retarded operations to a considerable extent, but a few days of mildness would cause a lively movement in most departments of trade.

The sale of staple goods have in the aggregate been large, but purchasers are principally confined to the immediate wants of the trade, without regard to the future, and no inducements have been presented by dealers, which would tend to increase the risk, which under such circumstances must ever be encountered.

The demand for money continues quite active from stock operators, and from what has been required from the hitherto quiet trade. The balances at the banks and in the hands of the private lender have been readily taken. Call loans have been generally held at 7 per cent, but such has been done at 6 to 6½ per cent, where the security has been undoubted. Discounts are effected at 7 to 8 per cent, and in many cases higher rates have been paid.

The Gold market has been firm, and the tendency slightly upward.

Government securities have ruled steady, and the changes of the month have been slight. The demand from German capitalists has been active, and several millions of five-twenties were taken in New York last week.

The movement at the stock exchanges has been more active, and the market has maintained a good degree of strength. The sales of bank shares have been large. Manufacturing stocks are firmly held, and sales are less frequent.

How we Paint our Houses.—Rev. Dr. Ware preached a discourse last Sunday on the subject of painting, in which he soon disposed of the literal meaning and application of the heading, and proceeded to touch upon the deceptions and absurdities of some modern fashions, and metaphorically discoursed on the shades and complexions which certain bad habits paint on the human countenance. He saw no difference between the hideous face painting of the savage, and the practice of improving the features by paint and enamel which is endorsed by fashion, and the inner life of the man or the woman is often revealed upon the walls of the walking house in which the spirit abides. How often do we see whiskey painting, tobacco painting, and the cosmetic of wine upon the faces which pass before us every day. Nature furnishes the most beautiful cosmetic to those who live in accordance with her laws. The discourse was much admired by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

The Centenary of Independence.—Mr. Hawley, from the Centennial Commission, in Congress, a few days ago presented a report with regard to organization, opening ceremonies, and the duration of the exposition. The report stated that the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia had made the success of that exhibition unquestionable. Philadelphia had raised $6000,000 by private subscription and would make it $1,000,000, and it was certain that the aggregate subscription of the State and city would reach $4,000,000. He hoped that the rest of the country would help it out, and they would have in Philadelphia, in 1876, the grandest Exposition the world ever saw. The report was ordered to be printed.

Maine Poultry Association.—This Association, incorporated by the present legislature, organized Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 19, in the Agricultural Room of the State House, by the election of officers. The meeting was held in response to a call issued by three of the corporators—Fred Atwood of Winterport, Albert Noyes of Bangor, and J. W. Lang of Brooks.

The following officers were elected:

For President—Albert Noyes of Bangor.

For Secretary—Wm. P. Atherton of Hallowell.

Treasurer—Fred F. Harris of Portland.

Vice Presidents—Edmund Dana, Jr., of Portland, J. B. Straw of Lewiston, H. Leavitt of Skowhegan, Ezra Manter of Winterport, Daniel Randall of Island Falls, Seward Dill of Phillips, J. H. Hayes of Bangor, S. T. Holbrook of Oxford, J. A. Lord of Kennebunk, Frank Buck of Orland.

Board of Directors—Fred. Atwood of Winterport, R. G. Conant of Portland, B. M. Hight of Skowhegan, W. E. Leighton of Augusta, Dr. Gilbert of Green, Allen Carter of West Hampden.

It was voted unanimously to hold an exhibition some time next fall or winter, and that the directors make all the necessary arrangements *for the same.*—*Maine Farmer.*

The Price of Type.—Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co. announce that they have at their warehouse in New York an assortment of type from one of the most celebrated foundries in the world, that of Figgins, London, England, which they will sell at 20 per cent. discount from the American scale, when ordered in fonts of 100 pounds and upwards. They also offer to import large fonts on special orders at a greater discount from the American scale, and profess to be able to fill the largest order in eight weeks from date of its receipt in New York. They supply sorts in large or small quantities from their stock on hand in New York at the American scale rate. They assert that if the present duty upon type shall be removed, the price of the article, both of home and foreign manufacture, will immediately fall 40 per cent. below the present scale. Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. are known as conducting the largest advertising business ever secured by one house, and are also extensive dealers in printing material. They are consulted to import foreign goods because American founders, governed by a close operation or ring, keep the price vastly too high, and at the same time make it an exception no one else's merchandise by recognizing no wholesale price; the same amount per pound being charged to the purchaser of five thousand pounds as would be paid by him who wants but fifty.

New Advertisements.

Seeds. Seeds. Seeds.

For 1873. 150 pages; beautiful colored plate; full lists of the best Vegetable and Flower Seeds; Novelties; Florist Flowers; Summer Bulbs, &c; the most complete Seed Catalogue published. Sent on receipt of two two-cent stamps for postage. Seeds warranted to reach the purchasers.

HOVEY & CO.,
mar1-ow21 53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

New kinds; best quality; home growth; low prices. Catalogues free.

W. C. STRONG,
Nonantum Hill Nursery,
mar1-4t BRIGHTON, MASS.

SNOW, ROLLINS, & CO.,
213 & 215 Tremont Street,
Above Boylston St., (opposite Lagrange St.)
BOSTON,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Parlor, Chamber, Library and Dining Room
FURNITURE,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
from latest designs, and made in the most thorough manner.
—ALSO—
DRAPERIES,
HOLLAND SHADES,
LACE AND NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS,
SPRING BEDS,
MATTRESSES and PILLOWS.
All at Lowest Prices.
W. E. SNOW. L. M. ROLLINS.
mh1-13t

RUBBER CEMENT,
FOR MENDING RUBBERS,
—AND—
Applying Rubber Soles to Leather Boots.
This Cement is pronounced by good judges to be the BEST ever invented. Wholesale price $2,00 per doz. Retails at 25 cts.
FRANKLIN MAYNARD,
mar1-2t 42 Rim St., (up stairs,) Boston.

Farm for Sale in Worcester Co.
A very valuable and productive Farm in the town of Leominster, on the Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg Railroad, two miles from Centre Village, and seven miles from the city of Fitchburg, containing ninety-five acres of excellent land under a high state of cultivation, mutually divided into mowing, tillage, orcharding, pasture and woodland, with a never failing brook running through the pasture. The buildings consist of a modern two story House facing to the south, of nine well finished rooms with pantry and ample closet room, is painted and blinded and in thorough repair. The Barn is 60x26 with cellar under whole, and attached to main house by Carriage, Tool House and Granary, all in excellent repair. There is a fine pear and peach orchard on the place in bearing condition, and some of best varieties; also grapes, currants and the small fruits. Said Farm will keep ten cows, yoke of oxen, and one horse. Land can be mowed with 2 machines. Milk sold at the door. Will be sold at a bargain if applied for soon. Will sell stock and tools with place if desired. Terms easy. For further particulars inquire of J. FRANKLIN FULLER, No. 39 Court Street, Boston, Mass., or on the premises of WILLIAM H. FULLER.
mh1-4t

Wanted.
A GOOD, smart man and wife, to take charge of an aged man, for which they can have all they can get from a first class farm, 20 miles from Boston. Best reference required. H. S. CLARKE, South Walpole, Mass.
mh1-3t

Wanted Immediately.
A PURE BRED JERSEY BULL, 2 or 4 years old. Address GEORGE H. WATSON,
North Andover, Mass.
mh1-1t

Wanted.
A MAN to rent a farm in southern Minnesota, only 1¼ miles from depot. Forty acres of said farm are ploughed, and can be cultivated with corn or wheat. A small frame house is upon it. To a man who desires to go West, as it will give a home for the first year, and a crop while looking out a farm for himself. Payment made in grain or work. Apply to
J. H. BOURNE,
mh1-2t* Marshfield, Mass.

WILBOR'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.
Persons who have been taking Cod Liver Oil, will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilbor has succeeded, from long experience and observation, in combining the pure oil and lime in such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and that the two ingredients are brought wonderful. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless and who had taken the clear oil for a long time without marked effect, have been entirely cured by using this preparation. Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, No. 168 Court Street, Boston. Sold by all druggists. mh1-1t

AGENTS WANTED. We want one good Agent in every township to sell our *new and immensely popular* Books and Engravings. The very largest commission paid. Those now at work report great sales. Circulars and all information *free*. Write to WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., Hartford, Conn. sep28-26t

REASONS WHY THE
PAIN-KILLER.
MANUF'D BY
PERRY DAVIS & SON,
IN THE
Best Family Medicine of the Age.
And why it should be kept always near at hand:
1st. PAIN-KILLER is the most certain Cholera cure ever known, and relieves the patient.
2d. PAIN-KILLER, as a Diarrhœa and Dysentery remedy, seldom if ever fails.
3d. PAIN-KILLER will cure Cramps or Pains in any part of the system. A single dose usually effects a cure.
4th. PAIN-KILLER will cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion, if used according to directions.
5th. PAIN-KILLER is an almost never-failing cure for Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc.
6th. PAIN-KILLER has proved a Sovereign Remedy for Fever and Ague, and Chill Fever; it has cured the most obstinate cases.
7th. PAIN-KILLER as a liniment is unequalled for Frost Bites, Chilblains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc.
8th. PAIN-KILLER has cured cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia after years standing.
9th. PAIN-KILLER will destroy Boils, Felons, Whitlows OR Sores, giving relief from Pain after the first or second dressing.
10th. PAIN-KILLER cures Headache and Toothache
11th. PAIN-KILLER will save you days of sickness and many a Dollar in time and Doctor's Bills.
12th.—PAIN-KILLER is a purely Vegetable preparation, safe to keep and to use in every family. The simplicity attending its use, together with the great variety of disease that may be entirely eradicated by it, and the great amount of pain and suffering that can be alleviated through its use, make it imperative upon every person to supply themselves with this valuable remedy, and to keep it always near at hand.
The PAIN-KILLER is now known and appreciated in every quarter of the globe. Physicians recommend it in their practice, while all classes of society have found in it a relief and comfort. Give it a trial.
Be sure and buy the genuine. Every Druggist and nearly every Country Grocer throughout the land keep it for sale.
mh1-52t

A CHALLENGE
Is extended to the world to place before the public a better Cough or Lung remedy than ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
Read what well known Druggists say about Allen's Lung Balsam.
Brownsville, Tenn., Sept. 12, 1872.
Gentlemen.—Please ship us six dozen Allen's Lung Balsam. We have not a bottle in the store. It has more reputation than any cough medicine we have ever sold. Have been in the drug business 27 years. We mean just what we say. Very Truly, Yours,
HURT & TANNER.
Drs. Wilson & Ward, physicians and druggists, write from Huntsville, Texas, "We purchased Allen's Lung Balsam, and it sells rapidly. We are practicing physicians, as well as druggists, and take pleasure in recommending it as the best cough remedy, such as we know this to be."
☞ Physicians do not recommend a medicine which has no merit. What they say about **ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM** can be taken as a fact. Let all afflicted test it at once, and be convinced of its real merits.
It is harmless to the most delicate child. It contains no opium in any form.
Directions accompany each bottle.
Call for Allen's Lung Balsam.
J. S. HARRIS & CO., Prop'r Cincinnati, O.
☞ For sale by all medicine dealers. feb22-4t

TRICKS AND TRAPS OF AMERICA.—10,000 already ordered. It is the GREATEST book of the age. Exposes counterfeits and describes every Quack, Humbug, Swindle and Cheat in America. Nearly 1000 Swindlers Exposed. Tells all about the "smartest" and all GRAIN swindles, all about "Rights," "Recipes" and all the Patent and Michigan Swindles: cheat the public. All about "bogus" papers, promissory, and "framed" engravings. 150 pages, splendid illustrated cover. Price only 25 cents; $ for $1. Sent prepaid by HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N.H. mh1-1t

WM. PARRY, POMONA NURSERY, Cinnaminson, N.J. 100 acres in berries. The Monarch of the West is the largest and best. Peach Trees, Asparagus and Rhubarb, Raspberries and Blackberries. Send for catalogue. feb15-3t

New Advertisements.

There is no gift of Nature more ornamental to the "human form divine" than the hair; and nothing upon which so much care and attention has been bestowed; and yet the very means used to preserve its health and beauty prove its injury, and often its destruction.

At the roots of the hair are oil vessels, designed to preserve the hair in its natural softness and beauty. The scalp, with its oil vessels, roots, hair bulbs, &c., is liable to become diseased in various ways, and if from humors of the blood, its care may require constitutional treatment.

People often neglect the proper care of their hair until some important occasion, and then resort to some preparation that will color it to their fancy, although sure to injure the hair for all coming time. The *natural* color of the hair is always in harmony, and a radical change cannot be assumed without a violation of good taste.

Hair restorers or dressings should not act as dyes, but should supply the roots with proper food to support the hair in its natural softness and color. When vegetation begins spontaneously to wither and fade, the wise farmer applies a good *dressing*, and his fields soon assume their natural color—a lively green. The same principle is true of the human hair, and if persons whose hair has become faded, or falling off, will use as a dressing Dr. Greene's Hair Restorer, their hair will in due time become healthy, soft, and of a natural color.

Some colors fade or turn gray sooner than others; but all shades and colors of hair, by proper care and treatment, may be preserved natural in color and gloss, until we are well advanced in years. Dr. Greene's Hair Restorer does its work by natural means, supplying the food or nutrition required for the hair, and will restore and preserve it in a healthy condition.

Gentlemen whose beard has become gray and wiry, will by its use soon find it gradually turning to its natural softness and color.

"I have tested a sample of Dr. Greene's Hair Restorer, and find that no poisonous metals or injurious matters exist in it.
C. T. Jackson, State Assayer."

This Hair Restorer may always be obtained at the office 34 Temple Place, Boston, for $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5, or it will be sent by express when ordered.

We have given sufficient reference of our skill in the treatment of diseases generally, and think it unnecessary to occupy space with further reference or certificates.

Persons wishing further information may obtain a pamphlet descriptive of various diseases and their proper treatment, free, by addressing DR. R. GREENE, 34 Temple Place, Boston. mh-1t

FIRE.
On account of the late Fire on Washington Street & Temple Place, I shall offer my
IMMENSE STOCK
—OF—
HUMAN HAIR,
SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BY WATER,
—AT—
HALF PRICE!
Switches, $1 and upwards.
Gray Switches, $2 and upwards.
Frizzles, 25 cents per yard.
Head Ornaments, very cheap.
J. MEDINA,
No. 315 WASHINGTON ST.,
mh1-2t BOSTON.

Gregory & Robinson,
PAPER HANGINGS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
225 Washington Street,
BOSTON.
mh1-63t

PURE FLOUR OF RAW BONE.
B. RANDALL,
SUCCESSOR TO
Boston Milling Company.
THE BEST FERTILIZER
IS THE CHEAPEST for the farmer to buy when sold at a reasonable price. I offer this season the above standard article at the low price of
$50 per Ton, net weight.
Persons who have been taking Cod Liver Oil, will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilbor has succeeded, from long experience and observation, in combining the pure oil and lime in such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and that the two ingredients are brought wonderful. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless and who had taken the clear oil for a long time without marked effect, have been entirely cured by using this preparation. Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, No. 168 Court Street, Boston. Sold by all druggists. mh1-1t

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And why it should be kept always near at hand:
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Be sure and buy the genuine. Every Druggist and nearly every Country Grocer throughout the land keep it for sale.
mh1-52t

J. M. Currier
OFFERS for sale a few very fine PARTRIDGE COCHINS in pairs or trios; one fine DARK BRAHMA bull from premium stock. Eggs for sale from the following varieties
PARTRIDGE COCHINS.....$4 00
BUFF COCHINS.....2 00
DARK BRAHMAS.....2 00
LIGHT BRAHMAS.....2 00
CREVE-COEURS.....2 00
HOUDANS.....2 00
BROWN LEGHORNS.....2 00
SEABRIGHT BANTAMS.....2 00
Eggs sent from my yard are guaranteed fresh and true to name, carefully packed and well packed.
J. M. CURRIER,
mh1-13t West Amesbury, Mass.

O. DITSON & CO.
OFFER these new, fresh, genial JUVENILE SONG BOOKS to the public, believing they bear comparison with any others. 'Cheerful Voices,' by that most successful and popular Composer, Mr. L. O. Emerson, is for Common Schools, and as 300,000 Public School pupils are already familiar with his previous School Song Books, they will need no urging to try this.

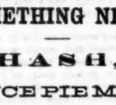
Cheerful Voices.

Sparkling Rubies.
And as for our SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK, whose glittering title aptly describes the brightness of its contents, read the following unsolicited testimonials from commendatory letters. *Superintendents* say: "The more we use it the better we like it." "The music has a freshness and beauty unsurpassed by any book I have seen." *Choristers* say: "A work of sterling merit." "Far excelling Sabbath School Music of the many books I have had the pleasure to use," &c.
Price of Cheerful Voice.....50 cts.
Price of Sparkling Rubies.....35 cts.
Specimen copies mailed, post-paid, for the above prices.
OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
BOSTON.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.,
711 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of CROSBY CARR, late of Sudbury, in said county, deceased.
Greeting:
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by ASAHEL BALCOM, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the Executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute;
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said county of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said court this twenty-fifth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
J. H. TYLER, Register.
mh1-3t

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.
To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of POLLY BAMES, late of Ashland, in said County, deceased.
Greeting.
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate, by WM. F. BLISS, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the Executor therein named:
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said county of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same, and said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said court, this twenty-fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

CUMBERLAND SUPER-PHOSPHATE
MADE under the sole direction of S. L. GOODALE, late Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture. A rich compound of soluble Phosphoric Acid, Pulverized Raw Bones, Ammonia and Alkaline Salts, manufactured by the
CUMBERLAND BONE COMPANY.
This is a highly concentrated Manure, made by combining the best materials in the most skillful manner, and in those proportions adapted to insure the highest fertilizing efficacy, containing, as it does, an ample supply of ammonia to produce vigorous growth and a large amount of phosphatic and alkaline constituents to support and fully perfect the growth and ripening of the products. Nothing is used to cheapen its cost, the only order used being pure fine ground bone.
—ALSO—
BONE MEAL FOR CATTLE, POULTRY BONE, AND GROUND BONE FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.
S. L. GOODALE, President, Boo, Me.
C. J. MORRIS, Treasurer, Portland, Me.
E. E. LUMMUS, General Agent,
20 South Market St., Boston.
. Send for Circular. feb22 13t

HARRINGTON'S PATENT.
The only combined Seed Sower and Cultivator. Made only by AMES PLOW CO. Quincy Hall, Boston.

Send for Circular.
feb22-4t

Reliable Seed Peas.
EARLY, MEDIUM AND LATE—All Choice Varieties of Each Class, True to Name.
For Sale at Lowest Market Rates.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
AMES PLOW COMPANY,
QUINCY HALL, BOSTON.
feb22-4t

BEHOLD!
WILSON'S
AMMONIATED
SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME,
AT AUCTION.
About a year ago I concluded to sell my Superphosphate of Lime to the farmers of New England in places where it was not known, by auction, to the highest bidder, in quantities agreed on beforehand, proposing at the same time to pursue this course year after year, until the farmers could become satisfied of its value to them.
I shall make this proposition good.
The superphosphate made this year will be more valuable than it was last year.
I will publish as heretofore the materials of which it is composed, and the proportions of each, and I will guarantee it to have been so made.
I have many letters from farmers who bought at auction last year, thanking me for adopting the auctional plan, and speaking in the highest terms of the results obtained from the use of the fertilizer.
I know that the article is a good one, and that it will, in time, as all my other productions have done, win its way to the confidence of the consumer.
Ample notice of the place and time for sale, by means of circulars and posters, will be given, so that as far as possible, no farmer shall have cause to say that he had no opportunity to buy his fertilizer in fair competition with his neighbors.
The most liberal terms and conditions will be extended to purchasers, which will be made known at the sale.
Office of the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., Jan. 1, 1873.
GEO. F. WILSON, Treas.

AUCTIONS AS FOLLOWS:
NEWPORT, VT., March 5.
LYNDON, VT., March 7.
THETFORD, VT., March 10.
BRUNSWICK, ME., March 5.
LEWISTON, ME., March 7.
BATH, ME., March 10. mh1-1t

SOMETHING NEW!
HASH,
MINCE PIE MEAT
—AND—
SAUSAGE MEAT CUTTER.
THIS Machine will cut Hash, including potato, in one minute. It will cut mince pie meat and sausage meat sufficiently fine in three minutes. It is also valuable for cutting vegetables and boiled meat. Is very simple and easily operated. Price $3.00.
WHITTEMORE BROS.,
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE,
feb22-2t 34 Merchants Row, Boston.

C. C. CHAMBERLIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
And Dealers in
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS &C.,
Nos. 79 & 81 Faneuil Hall Market,
C. C. CHAMBERLIN, A. W. CHAMBERLIN, FRANK E. FULLER, } **BOSTON.**
Butter and Cheese Packed for Shipping. jan18-52t

STOVES.
Chas. B. Wilder & Co.
Nos. 83 & 85 North St.,
BOSTON, MASS.,
Keep constantly on hand a large assortment of
COOK STOVES AND RANGES,
INCLUDING THE CELEBRATED
RICHMOND RANGE,
REED'S RANGES, EAGLE COOK STOVES
and a variety of other patterns.
—ALSO—
ALL SIZES FARMERS' BOILERS,
aug2-52t FOR WOOD AND COAL.

CORTICELLI
SPOOL SILK.
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Size, Length and Quality Warranted.
Secure this and you will use no other.
Sold by the leading jobbers and retailers. feb5-13t

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE,
THE largest and cheapest weekly paper in New England. Fifty-six columns of choice reading. $2 a year. Sample numbers free.
GLOBE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
feb22 2t BOSTON.

"CHASE'S" SPRING BED,
Patented Dec. 20 1864, and June 17, 1866.
"The best Slat Spring Bed in the market."
For Economy, Durability and Comfort it has no equal.
For sale by all First Class Furniture Dealers.
JAMES F. COBURN,
feb22-13t 60 Commercial St., Boston.

Thomas W. Emerson & Co.,
Successors to BLANCHARD & EMERSON, and the late Hezekiah Blanchard,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND DEALERS IN
Field Seeds, Grain and Produce,
No. 124 and 126 So. Market St. Extension,
feb22-8t BOSTON.

Imported Ayrshire Bulls.
I HAVE a few very superior Imported Ayrshire Bull Calves for sale at low prices. Catalogues on application.
M. H. COCHRANE,
jan11-13t Compton, P. Q., Canada.

For Sale.
A FEW very fine PARTRIDGE COCHIN COCKERELS seven or eight months old; would exchange for Buff Cochins or Dark Brahma Pullets. Address
J. W. GREENLEAF,
feb22-2t Groveland, Mass.

Wanted.
A MARRIED man to work on my farm. One who is a first class milker and who understands the nursling of early vegetables. Apply in person at my Farm.
W. S. LINCOLN.
Worcester, Feb. 19, 1873. feb22-4t

Cotton Seed Meal!
100 TONS COTTON SEED MEAL, or sale at lowest prices, in lots to suit customers.
J. E SOPER & CO.,
feb22-12t No. 2 India Street, Boston.

Choice Fowls and Eggs.
PARTRIDGE COCHINS, DARK BRAHMA, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 37 other varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by
E. B. PERKINS.
226 Essex St., Salem, Mass.
Enclose stamp and send for Circular. jan25-4t

Avoid Quacks!
A VICTIM of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address
J. H. REEVES,
feb22 52t 7 Nassau Street, New York.

Read the Following.
IN ORDER TO RAISE GOOD VEGETABLES, IT IS necessary
To Sow Good Seed.
After sowing, cultivating and manuring your ground for an entire season, it is not pleasant to find that you have had heredity by planting old or impure seed. When making your purchases be satisfied that the parties from whom you obtain your supplies are reliable. It has been our aim to supply
Seed Grown from Selected Stock,
and which is, in every instance,
FRESH AND PURE.
Nearly all our seed is grown for us, and the crops carefully inspected when growing, to insure their purity. Farmers, Gardeners and all others, desirous of purchasing
NEW, PURE AND RELIABLE SEED,
are requested to give us a trial.
Ames Plow Company,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Imported and American Grown
Garden, Field and Flower Seeds,
Quincy Hall, over Quincy Market,
feb15-4t BOSTON.

SAMUEL DAVIS, 3d.,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Special attention paid to purchasing or selling
SMALL OR LARGE TRACTS OF LAND,
Either in or out of the City.
No. 1 PEMBERTON SQUARE, Room 1.
nov22-52t BOSTON.

For Sale.
A House, No. 9 Dix Place, of about nine rooms, two story Mansard, with granary, cellar, one hundred and fifty apple trees, pear, peach, grapery, one-third of an acre of asparagus. Terms easy. Inquire of the subscriber on the premises.
SULLIVAN WELLINGTON.
Lincoln, Mass., Feb. 18, 1873. feb22-4t

For Sale.
A good Farm in Sherburne, Vt., about 220 acres, cuts about 60 tons hay, very level and new land. 200 sugar trees, good house and blinds, etc. 4 sheds, granary and splendid barn, nearly new. Only $6000 ! Easy terms. Apply soon.
H. DEARBORN, Woodstock, Vt., Or, 20 Hanover St., Boston.
feb15-3t*

For Sale.
A fine Farm in Sherburne, Vt., about 220 acres, cuts about 60 tons hay, very level and new land. 200 sugar trees, good house and blinds, etc. 4 sheds, granary and splendid barn, nearly new. Only $6000 ! Easy terms. Apply soon.
H. DEARBORN, Woodstock, Vt., Or, 20 Hanover St., Boston.
feb15-3t*

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate
IN SUDBURY.
By virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Pub lic Auction, **Tuesday, the eleventh day of March next, at one o'clock, P. M.,** at the late dwelling house of Jason Bent, in Sudbury, deceased, so much of the real estate of deceased as will raise the sum of two hundred and thirty-five dollars for the payment of debts and charges of administration. Said estate consists of the One lot, so called, of about 7 acres. Hayden lot, 5 acres. Town lot, 2½ acres. Pine meadow lot, 4 acres. Gulf lot, 4 acres. Hunt lot, two acres.
JAMES MOORE, Admr'r.
Sudbury, Feb. 15, 1873. feb15-3t*

Farm to Let.
To be let for two or three years, a Farm containing about fifty acres of land, situated on the East Lexington mile teller from Lexington. For particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises.
J. GAMMELL.
East Lexington, Jan. 25, 1873. feb1-4t

Farm for Sale.
One of the best Farms in Worcester County, situated in Westboro, convenient to the Railroads, Schools, Churches, Mills, &c.—a Price low and terms of payment easy. Call on or address S. GROW, Westboro', Mass.
jan18-13t*

Farm for Sale or Exchange.
The subscriber has two valuable and improved Prairie Farms in Bank County, Wisconsin, which he will sell or exchange for
Eastern Real Estate. Address C. M. SHAFFER,
jan11-4t No. 204 West Springfield Street, Boston.

For Sale.
Wachusett Mountain situated in Princeton, Mass., containing about 650 acres, 400 of it is covered with a good growth of Oak, Beech, Maple and Hemlock timber. 3 miles from Depot, Worcester Gardner & Barre Railroad. Good stone house on summit. Also Jones Hill situated in Princeton (a beautiful site for a country residence) containing 110 acres, 75 of which is the best pasture in Worcester county. 16 acres (in one piece) of prime upland mowing all of it is cut with a machine.
JOHN BROOKS, Princeton, Mass.
Nov9-4t

To Farmers and Marketmen.
YOU want some but the very best of seed, grown from carefully selected seed stock. With the money you have to invest in manure, help and glass, you know you cannot afford to use any other; you feel very cautious about it; you are right. Catalogue free to all.
Come West and thrive, Friends will follow
A Sectional Map, showing the exact location of Iowa lands is sent at 50 cents. Address, W. HALLETT, same price. For Circulars and Maps apply to
GEO. W. HALLETT,
Land Commissioner, Burlington, Iowa.
17 And please say in what Paper this advertisement was seen. feb5-4t

TO FARMERS!
WE WANT AN AGENT in every town to sell
PARTRIDGE FORKS.
Send for Circulars and Price List, mailed to you free upon application, and inform us in *what paper you saw* this notice.
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The Poet's Corner.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

TO MY LITTLE "GOD-CHILD."

[The fair lady who penned the following beautiful lines will be more surprised than any one to see them in print. Editors are privileged to do as they please with happily expressed sentiments.]

"Last year, to-day," with pride and pleasure
I held a baby two months old,
A living, laughing, human treasure,
The dantiest "rosebud," "good as gold."

The year has brought to me few changes—
I've not grown bigger, nor grown gray—
But past imagination's ranges
Has grown the baby of to-day.

The little feet have learned to "patter,"
And take her wheresoe'r she will;
The little tongue has learned to chatter,
Until I fear its seldom still.

The little lips know how to kiss you,
The little arms to hug you tight,
The little heart has learned to misgive,
The little will asserts its right.

Is this young miss my little baby?
I can't imagine her at all,
But trust I'll see her soon, and may be
I'll find in her my baby small.

But she's "my baby" and I love her,
E'en though she's grown in every way,
For as she grows, my love grows for her,
And every day for her I pray.

L. D. S.

Birmingham, Ms., Feb. 15th, 1873.

Ladies' Department.

From Peterson's Magazine for March.

OLD MAID DEMBERTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

She lived in the outskirts of a quiet village, with no railway nearer than eight miles, so that each day in the summer, and thrice a week in the winter, a lumbering stage coach plied between the station and the hamlet, bringing stray passengers, or in default of such cargo, tidings from the outer world, in the shape of letters and newspapers.

Miss Pemberton's house stood on a hill; a commodious farm house, picturesque from age, with a perfect forest of maple trees about it, orchards and cornfields at the back, and within and without, an air of comfort, with which no fault could be found, unless it might be that the excessive neatness was a little appalling to any idle, ill-regulated mind, such as is possessed by too many of us of the younger generation.

It was toward sunset of a bright June afternoon. Miss Pemberton sat sewing in the honeysuckle covered porch; a grave, silent looking woman, who made herself appear older than she need, by the more than Quaker plainness of her dress. She heard the stage coach thundering up the hill. Three times each week the driver had instructions to bring a newspaper for her from the station, and drop it at her gate as he passed—and this was one of her newspaper days; so when the sound of the heavy wheels roused her from her occupation, she folded up her needlework as carefully as if she never expected to touch it again, brushed a few stray threads from her dress, and walked slowly down the shaded path to the gate.

The coach paused there, at the same instant, and the driver called out,

"Reginald, Miss Pemberton! I've brought you something besides a newspaper this time. There she is inside; had it all to herself, too, only just while widow Green got in for a lift to the crossroads. The city chap was in a hurry, and he said as you'd be expecting her, and he was in a great to do to git on, why if I'd agree to take care on her to your house, he'd pay the fare in advance—and so he did; and I've her things right there in the boot."

All this was shut out of long Jim's post office slit of a mouth with such rapidity that Miss Pemberton had not time to interrupt him, if she wished; so she just stood and regarded him in a sort of cold wonder, as to whether drink, or insanity, had hopelessly disordered his faculties.

Down from his lofty seat sprang Jim, with much agility, and began undoing the leather straps at the back of the vehicle, in order to reach the baggage of which he had spoken, talking all the while at a rate that would have put an ordinary person out of breath in a few seconds.

"So here she is, safe and sound, for nobody can say Jim Fox ain't as good as his word. I've forgot that ere basket for Miss Parknall; but no matter! and just turn the door handle, and out she'll come, as right as a trivet, Miss Pemberton. Gosh darn the straps! I'll break it, and be done."

While he grabbled and toiled, Miss Pemberton became aware of a child watching her from the coach window with a mingling of curiosity and anxiety, though she sat wonderfully still and composed for such a mite of a thing.

As soon as she saw Miss Pemberton's astonished eyes settle upon her, she smiled, and said, easily,

"Please open the door and let me out?"

"Let you out?" repeated the old maid.

"Mr. Fay said as you'd be looking for me; it wasn't worth while for him to come over if I wasn't afraid. And I wasn't, of course," pursued the chit, with a pretty assurance.

Miss Pemberton was staring with all her might, and her face had grown gray and pale. She made no effort to turn the door knob, but leaned against it, and looked up at the child, as she stretched herself over the side of the coach.

"Who on earth are you?" asked Miss Pemberton, in a low voice, while long Jim toiled at the straps, too busy to hear.

"Why, I'm Mally, of course. I was to get here to-night—and here I am; and I'm awfully hungry," answered the child.

By this time long Jim had the box down, dragged inside the gate, and as the horses began to grow impatient, he hurriedly opened the door, deposited the little girl on the ground, thrust a newspaper into Miss Pemberton's hand, mounted to his perch, and drove off, leaving the old maid and the child side by side, staring at each other with all their might.

"I'm afraid you aren't glad to see me," said the small maid, with a suspicious working of her features. "It's ever so long since mother died; and I've wanted so much to get to you. And Mr. Fay brought me all that dreadful voyage, and now he's gone, and if you're not glad to see me, I don't know what I shall do, I'm sure."

Miss Pemberton got inside the gate, sat flat down on the trunk, and said, gaspingly,

"I must be out of my senses, without knowing it."

"Dear me!" said the child, pityingly. "But if you're not well, I can help take care of you. I did mamma, you know. Poor mamma!"

She began to cry, not timorously, but in a quiet, womanly sort of way, pulling out a tiny morsel of handkerchief from the pocket of her dress, and wiping her eyes with it. Some hasty movement disengaged a chain that hung about her neck, and it fell, with the little locket attached to it, right in Miss Pemberton's lap. She picked it up and opened it, and the child said,

"Jane Pemberton gazed at the pretty, girlish face of the miniature, and many changes passed over her countenance.

"So she's dead, and sent you to me," she said. "Don't cry. Come into the house. Have you letters for me?"

"Oh! Mr. Fay sent them from New York. We had to stay there a while, 'cause he was busy; and one day I fell down stairs and hurt my knee, cut I didn't tell him."

She took the gold necklace from Miss Pemberton's hand, and fastened it about her neck again, hiding the locket in the bosom of her dress.

"Mamma said I was not to show it to any body but you," she said.

Miss Pemberton rose, and motioned the child to follow her. They walked up the path in silence, crossed the verandah, and entered the hall.

"Hester!" called Miss Pemberton.

A door at the end of the passage opened; a neat mulatto woman appeared, and at sight of the child, exclaimed,

"Lord's sake, Miss Pemberton! who on arth is that?"

"I want you to run down to the post office as fast as you can go," said her mistress. "There are letters there for me. We've not been there for a week."

"Nobber seed that chile afore," muttered Hester.

"Go this minute!" ordered Miss Pemberton, raising her voice; and Hester went.

Miss Pemberton bade the child follow her into the kitchen; brought a bowl of milk, some bread, and a great piece of cake, and watched her in silence while she ate.

"It's very good," said the small maid, when she had nearly reached the bottom of the dish. "I suppose I am at home now, sin't I?"

"I don't know," returned Miss Pemberton, and began walking up and down the room.

The little girl looked frightened and disturbed, but said nothing more; and when Miss Pemberton glanced toward her again, fatigue had completely overcome her; she was fast asleep on the old settee, that nearly filled one end of the kitchen.

Miss Pemberton went softly up to her, and looked at the sweet, tired face.

"Abby's child," she said, half aloud. "And Abby's dead! More trouble, more heart break!"

She lifted the little thing in her arms, carried her into a small apartment next her own room, and laid her on the bed, doing it so gently that the child did not awake.

For more than half an hour she sat in the gathering twilight, growing graver and sadder each moment; then she heard Hester's step in the passage, and went out to meet her. She took the letters from the woman's hand, paid no attention to her questions, but retreated into her chamber, and closed the door.

There was Mr. Fay's epistle; there was the long fragmentary letter the dying woman had written; there was a paper besides, which, when she looked at it, caused Miss Pemberton to weep aloud, and utter such prayers of thankfulness as had not escaped her lips in years.

So it was that Mally became an inmate of Miss Pemberton's home. When the neighborhood hurried up to inquire about her, as it felt its duty to do, Miss Pemberton only said,

"It's a little girl I have adopted—her name is Mally Pemberton. She's the daughter of a distant relative of mine, who is dead; and that's all there is about it."

Few people were bold enough to question her further, but the few who did were speedily covered with confusion.

"If I thought it anybody's business," quoth Miss Pemberton, "I'd have called a meeting, and asked permission of the village in advance."

Naturally, for a few weeks, there was talk enough, among the gossips, though they were careful to avoid troubling Miss Pemberton with further questions. As she had not been many years a resident of the neighborhood, so could not weave any mystery or romance about the affair.

Ten years went by, and Mally was no longer a child. Though their only perceptible effect on Miss Pemberton was to make her somewhat older and grayer, those ten years changed Mally into the prettiest girl of seventeen that the whole country could boast. Her wild, free, out of door life, as a child, had given her splendid health, as the doctor had prophesied, and had helped to develop her into the beauty she was now. But other things had assisted. Long before this, some adventurous female had opened a school in the village; and as besides the ordinary branches of education, she was skilled in music, and wise in the intricacies of Latin and French, Mally, her favorite pupil, was quite as well instructed as if she had been consigned to the forcing process of a modern boarding school, where, in general, so many things are attempted that, in reality, nothing is accomplished.

The railway was completed to the village, several handsome country seats sprang up in the neighborhood, which, during the summer, were tenanted by city people, and altogether, there was an appearance of life and bustle very different from the quiet of the old days.

For almost the first time in her life, Miss Pemberton must needs fall ill that summer, and, having once taken to her bed, though she fought valiantly against it, she was obliged to lie there a long time, while the sort of slow, nervous fever had its course.

Mally proved herself a capital nurse; but Miss Pemberton, more thoughtful than many persons would have been under similar circumstances, forbade her confining herself to the sick room. Mally was allowed to take care of her during the morning, and to sit with her in the evening; but the afternoon must be devoted to out door exercise, she said, and Mally must go to bed, and sleep soundly at night.

The two grew very fond of each other, in a quiet way, though, as Mally grew older, she comprehended, that for a good while there had been a struggle in Miss Pemberton's mind, as if, in spite of her efforts, some bitter memory stood between her and the possibility of affection. But that had passed, and life in the old house had gone on calmly enough, and, during this illness, Miss Pemberton said, more than once to her charge,

"I don't know how I should have got on all these years without you, Mally." And Mally knew that this confession from the reticent woman meant more than a whole volume would from some demonstrative person to whom expressions of affection came easily.

So, during these weeks, in spite of her doing everything not Aunt Jane bade her, as permitted, Mally had a great deal of leisure time on her hands, as her studies had been discontinued. She used to take long rambles among the hills, and one day that she penetrated to a beautiful wood, a couple of miles beyond the village, she came upon young Reginald West, seated at the foot of a tree, sketchbook in hand.

Of course, Mally did not know who he was; but she saw the handsome young fellow before he perceived her, and was about to retreat, and might have done so, and thus that first meeting been avoided, had not Reginald's big dog perceived her, and felt it his duty to bound toward her with deafening barks, as if he supposed her some new species of game, brought within his reach for the express purpose of being hunted.

"Punch! Punch!" called Reginald; but Punch did not heed, and by the time he could rise to discover what had occasioned this disturbance on the dog's part, Mally had turned to run, hit her foot in a trailing vine, and fell heavily to the ground.

She was a little stunned, and when she recovered from the dizziness, she had been raised and seated at the foot of a great oak, and young West was bending over her, and entreating her not to be alarmed, and calling rather wildly to know if she was hurt.

Presently she could find voice to reassure him, and then he rushed into spasms of regret and explanation.

"Punch ought to have hurt you," he said. "See how penitent he looks! Oh, you bad, clumsy old Punch. You always make a terrible racket, and you haven't courage to touch a mouse."

Punch looked so dreadfully ashamed and conscience stricken, sitting up on the end of his tail, in a very uncomfortable fashion, that Mally could not help laughing. The color came back to her cheeks in a ruddier rush, and, between her liveliness, and the bell like sound of her laughter, Reginald, like the fanciful youth he was, felt almost ready to believe that some beautiful wood nymph had appeared to him, as the race used occasionally to do to lucky swains, in the wonderful days when this dusty world was centuries younger than now.

"You are sure that you did not hurt yourself?" he asked, anxiously; and Mally replied that she was quite certain that she had not.

But he insisted on giving her some water from a spring, close by the roots of the tree; and, as he had no cup, was obliged to devise one out of a great leaf, and the attempt was so difficult, that they both laughed till they almost forgot they were strangers.

Very soon, Mally felt quite recovered, and suddenly remembered that she ought to go home, but by this time, Reginald was showing her his sketchbook, and quoting some lines of Tennyson's that applied very well to the beautiful spot; and Mally was growing prettier each instant, as she listened to the soft, melodious voice, and glanced shyly at the frank, handsome face bent toward her.

"You mustn't try to walk yet," he said, as she attempted to get up. "Just rest comfortably for a few minutes longer. I'll introduce myself to you, and then it'll be all right. I'm Reginald West, and I live in that old house beyond the wood. You can see the roof from here, or you could if it wasn't for the trees; so it's just the same."

Mally could not help laughing again, and he joined her, breaking off to say,

"But you've not told me yet to whom I have been presented."

"Oh, I am Mally Pemberton, and I live with Miss Jane—"

"Bless me, yes, in that pretty old house, on the hill by the village," broke in Reginald. "I went by there, the other day, and wondered who lived in that picturesque nest. I heard you singing, too; I know it was you."

"Perhaps it was old, black Hester; she sings a great deal," said Mally, demurely.

Reginald shook his head in fierce denial of the possibility.

"They said it was Miss Pemberton's house; so you see, in a way, what with having heard you sing, and asked your relative's name, I had made your acquaintance already."

Then they fell to talking about Tennyson, and certain novels which Mally had read; and Master Reginald had plunged into an account of his favorite authors. I suppose nothing on earth could have induced Mally to believe that she had set there full three-quarters of an hour, when at the end of what she believed something less than ten minutes, she again came down to reality enough to remember that she ought to turn her steps homeward.

"I don't believe you are half rested," Reginald declared. But she rose from her seat, and pronounced herself quite able to walk.

"Will you let me go part of the way with you?" he asked, so respectfully, and yet in such a boyish, confident manner, that even a young lady, more alive to the rigidities of life than Mally, could have no reason for offence in the request. "I shall be awfully anxious, imagining that you have fainted, or something, and I shall follow you any way, to be sure you are safe."

"But it is out of your road," Mally urged.

"Oh, I go in all directions. I fairly live in the woods; its a jolly old place. My uncle bought his house two years ago, but we have never been here till this summer. I like it so much that I never want to go away."

He was as unconscious that this desire had not bloomed into his mind, until the last hour, as Mally was unaware of the pleasure she found in his speech. But she must go home, so he put up his sketch book, and prepared to accompany her; only first, Punch must come and beg pardon. Punch looked so very absurd, trying to do the penitent, that they both had to laugh again, and then Reginald was inspired to put him through a variety of tricks, and they wasted full twenty minutes more, rather from the feet of Punch's obstinacy than because his feat were either varied, or wonderful.

Then the two young people walked slowly along the path, through the beautiful wood, with Punch following, at least when he didn't stop to worry imaginary squirrels among the fallen logs. And the thrushes sang, and the late afternoon sun played among the interlacing branches, and rested like an omen of hope on the faces of the youthful pair, as they sauntered on, as if they had made acquaintance in accordance with the most stilted rules of decorum.

Before they came in sight of the house, Mally had told him about Miss Pemberton's illness; about her childish life in New Orleans, and her long journey; and he had given her a great deal of information concerning his own important past. He was two-and-twenty, and just out of college, and there was talk of his going to Europe next spring, and his uncle Reginald denominated it, "really a trick, you know," though he confessed that most people thought the gentleman very haughty and stern. There was [illegible] he was a peevish invalid, not much good to herself or anybody else.

It was almost sunset when they came out on the brow of the hill, and could see the old, gray farm house, just beyond. Neither remembered that the agreement had been that Reginald was to walk only part of the way. Now, he said, with a pleasant assurance, that would have made an older person smile,

"I'm so sorry Miss Pemberton is ill; if she were not, I'd go and be introduced to her."

Such a proceeding would have seemed the most natural thing in the world to Mally; but she could not be thought of; and presently, Reginald had to leave her and start homeward; but as he knew that she walked every afternoon, he felt pretty certain in his own mind of being able to encounter her.

Mally would have told Miss Pemberton what happened, without the slightest hesitation; but the latter was suffering a good deal this evening, and could not be talked to much, and when the nervous pain left her, she went soundly asleep.

During the next two weeks, there was not a day that Reginald West did not in some manner, manage to encounter or see Mally. I have no doubt you are thinking it was hugely improper; but the impropriety is in your own minds; it was not in their thoughts.

It is true that Mally had given up the idea of telling Miss Pemberton until she was quite recovered, because Reginald had asked her not.

"People are always fanciful at such times," he said. "When she gets really well, I'll come to see her. I would ask Mrs. West to come, too, only she's one of those women that never do what you want them to, by any chance."

The uncle was absent during this fortnight, and Reginald's time was entirely at his own disposal, so it will seem neither surprising or unnatural to you when I say that, at the end of the time the young couple had made good use of it; that they were deep in the love romance suited to their age. Not that either quite realized it as yet. There had been no making love on Reginald's part, and he was so much younger than many of his age, that he had not even studied his own feelings, or could see them clearly. But the days were enchanted ones in the woods and fields where they wandered hand in hand, and the season a perfect poem, with no break in its rhythm.

Two whole weeks, and still Miss Pemberton had not been told. She was able to sit up now; to walk a little about the porch; and Mally and Reginald were beginning to talk (when they had leisure to think of it) of the future consideration.

This afternoon Mally was prevented setting out for her walk at her usual hour, and Reginald had wandered on and on in the hope of meeting her, until he found himself in the orchard, just back of the house, and saw Mally coming through the little garden gate. So they sat down under the shadow of the trees, and Mally had her lesson in drawing; and while they were both busily engaged, and chattering like a pair of young thrushes, the little gate swung noiselessly to again, and in another moment, leaning on a stout cane, looking pale and more worn than even her illness would account for, Jane Pemberton stood confronting the pair. Old Punch had risen from this very last hour to intrude herself upon the invalid, and, among other gossip, must needs tell that Miss she had encountered Mally and her young admirer, and somebody else knew that they walked together every day. She was gone; inquiries from Hester received for answer that Mally was out. Hester returned with the tidings, after a few moments, and Miss Pemberton gathered up her strength and left the house.

She heard the two voices, and guided her feeble steps toward the spot, and came upon them before they were aware.

They were neither of them, frightened or confused. Mally exclaimed—

"O, Aunt Jane! to walk so far!"

Reginald had darted up and placed her on a bench, and all she could do, in her weakness and agitation, was to push him almost fiercely off, and glare it them both out of her angry, astonished eyes.

"It is Reginald West, Aunt Jane," explained Mally. "He lives not very far off. His big dog threw me down one day, and so we made acquaintance. He was coming to see you as soon as you were well enough."

"I am glad you are able to be out, Miss Pemberton," added Reginald; "but you have walked too far. Can't I run to the house and bring you some water, or something?"

"You can do one thing for me, young man," said the old maid, in a voice that sounded hard and cold, in spite of its tremulousness, "you can walk through that gate and never pass it again."

Reginald's handsome face flushed angrily; he glanced at Mally, grown suddenly as pale almost as Miss Pemberton herself, and the sight crabled him to restrain his hasty temper.

"I am sorry to have offended you," he said, gently.

"I didn't say you had offended me," returned Miss Pemberton; "I asked you to go through that gate, and not pass it any more."

"Oh, aunt Jane" exclaimed Mally.

"I want you to go into the house," said she; not speaking harshly, in spite of the sternness of her words.

Mally hesitated for an instant.

"I want you to go into the house," repeated Miss Pemberton, in the same monotonous tone.

Reginald had moved quickly toward the girl. She held out her hand.

"Good-by!" came simultaneously from their quivering lips. Mally walked back toward the house. Reginald watched her as long as she was in view. Then he turned quickly to Miss Pemberton. "Please don't be angry," he said. "You think it was not right for us to make acquaintance, without permission; but it was my fault; indeed, I didn't think of you being angry."

"Did it occur to you," said the old maid, "that you might be the means of making my girl gossiped about; that you might cause her great unhappiness?"

"No, no; I never thought of it; how could I?" cried he. "See here, Miss Pemberton, I'll go straight after my uncle's wife, and bring her to call on you. That'll set matters straight."

"Bring your uncle's wife to call on me," repeated the old maid. "Your name is West. This is no place for anybody of that name to come."

Reginald stared at her, somewhat inclined to think that her illness had turned her brain a little.

"She—she's a very good sort of woman—is her way," said he, hesitatingly. A change passed over Miss Pemberton's features.

"Where is your uncle?" she asked.

"Down in New York; but he'll be back to-night. I'll tell him.—I'm sure——"

"Do tell him," interrupted she. "Tell him Jane Pemberton wants him to give you the reason why you are not to step again the path of any one belonging to her."

"Do you know my uncle?" he demanded.

"Go ask him that question," returned she, and rose and moved slowly toward the gate.

He called after her. She did not turn. He ran toward her. She looked at him over her shoulder without pausing in her painful search, and interrupted the hasty plea he tried to utter. "Go tell him what I have said," she cried, "and add that, if there's justice in heaven or earth, I'll have protection for me and mine from the sight of any with his blood in their veins."

She passed through the gate and disappeared among the trees, leaving him utterly confounded by her silence.

Mally was in the old-maid's bed-room when Miss Pemberton entered, weeping silently. But Miss Pemberton was too much exhausted to speak. She let Mally get her on the bed, then she fainted completely away, and it was a long time before the united attentions of Mally and old Hester could bring her to.

Not one word did she say that night or the next morning. It was Sunday, and Mally prepared to go to church, longing just for the old maid to speak of yesterday's scene, but afraid to agitate her by bringing the subject up.

"Go to church," said Miss Pemberton; "but come straight home afterward."

Among the congregation was Reginald West, and by his side was a haughty-looking, middle aged man, whose eyes, Mally saw, were more than once fastened upon herself. There had been a scene, too, between the uncle and nephew, the evening before, for Mrs. West had been informed of Reginald's proceedings.

As Mally came out of church, Reginald met her, held out his hand, and said a few whispered words, which brought the color brightly into the cheeks that had been so pale.

"Who was that young lady?" asked Mr. West, as their carriage whirled off.

"Miss Pemberton's neice," replied Reginald.

Neither added a word.

A week went by. There had been a slight explanation between the old maid and Mally. But Miss Pemberton had given an absolute command for the first time.

"I forbid," she said, "your speaking to that young man again; remember that."

She went on to explain to the girl the risk she had run of injuring her reputation by those chance interviews, but stopped; for Mally's childish fright was too painful to witness. Reginald haunted the place, but never once set eyes upon Mally. At last a letter came; a letter in which he put his great love into words, and promised to overcome all the mysterious difficulties which surrounded them.

Mally laid the passionate pages close to her sore heart; but even they could not bring her much comfort in this dark season. Miss Pemberton had opened her eyes too rudely, and she was crushed by a vague sense of humiliation and shame, which made her long to shrink from every familiar face; to die, and be rid of this horrible sense of reproach.

It had been a week of perplexity and strange communion with his own soul to Mr. West. The face he had seen in the village church haunted him like a ghost, and brought up memories of a terrible sin, which, for years, he had thrust back into the depths of his soul, and refused to regard.

The seventh day came, and with it news to Reginald, who had managed to enlist Hester's sympathies, that Mally had been taken suddenly very ill.

He forced his way into the house, and Miss Pemberton was obliged to see him, for fear that he would penetrate to the very sick room. She could only tell him that the doctor feared the girl had been attacked with brain fever, and then he went nearly mad. He got home and into his uncle's presence. "You have killed her, between you," he said, abruptly. "That stupid old woman had told her that people gossiped; you refused to set matters right, by going to the house and making aunt go with you; and now she's past hope. Look here! The day she dies is the last day you ever see my face. You have helped to make a great wrong where there was none. You have helped murder her! and I hate you as I do the rest."

When he was gone, a whiter man never sat staring phantoms in the face, than the man he left behind.

In the gray twilight Grayson West appeared at Miss Pemberton's door. She was standing there, at the moment, and the two looked, for an instant, full in each other's eyes.

"I was going to find you," she said. "Your daughter is dying, is dying in that room yonder, and I want to know what name you mean to have engraved on her tombstone."

"God help me!" he groaned. "I never knew there was a child. Oh, Miss Pemberton, believe me! When it was too late, I discovered how I had wronged Abby; but I did not know she left a child."

Grayson West had eloped with pretty Abby Mayne, after there had been a fierce quarrel between him and Miss Pemberton, who did not even credit his honorable intentions toward the girl who was so much below himself in a social position. He married her secretly, through fear of his father's anger, and took her South. In a few months a series of unfortunate circumstances, and the false tongue of one who hated her, caused the husband to suspect the wife he left. A divorce was obtained as privately as the marriage had taken place, and at last Grayson West added the crowning wrong to his great sin; he married again.

Long afterward, in his European home, the truth was made clear to him; but it was too late for any atonement beyond remorse. The patient heart had broken under its burden; Abby was dead. Never once, during those years, had she made any sign. Even Miss Pemberton only learned her fate, when, at the time of Mally's arrival, she received the journal Abby had kept, and the marriage certificate, which might one day be useful to her child. She had supported herself and the little one by her own exertions. When illness came, God raised up kind friends, who did all for her that could be done, and took charge of Mally. It was not anger toward her relative which caused Abby's silence, only that she feared, if Miss Pemberton learned the truth, in her wrath, she would find some means to trouble Grayson in his new life; and that kept her strong to live and die in her seclusion.

As he and Miss Pemberton sat together that night, for, with death perhaps so near the spot where they held communion, she could not hold to her resentment in the presence of his anguish and remorse, he read the journal the dead wife had left; read it, and moaned aloud that God could never forgive him.

But he learned later that the Infinite Mercy never fails. He believed it when, days afterward, Mally was lying on her pillows, weak and spent, but with the light of returning life in her eyes.

The time came when she was able to sit up—to talk. Then Miss Pemberton took Grayson West in to the room he had so often haunted during the girl's delirium, and left the two together.

"If you could pardon me, maybe God might," he said, when he had ended his tale.

He had slight answer in words; but Mally's arms about his neck, and Mally's tears upon his cheek, brought a sense of peace, which he had thought eternity itself could never offer.

After awhile, there was an impatient tap at the door, and Reginald looked in, crying,

"I'll not be kept out any longer! Oh, my darling!"

There was a quiet wedding in the old house that autumn; but, though the gossips had a great deal to say about it, no part of the real story was revealed to them.

Abby was dead. It could serve no good purpose for Grayson West to claim his child and make known the sad history. It was part of his atonement never to be able to do this, and he accepted it.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

A PRAYER FOR REST.

BY HOWARD CARR.

Oh, give rest to the weary frame,
Bowed with adversity, crushed by years of toil,
Give some sweet elysium where none may need to moil;
A quiet corner in which to hide from shame.
Give freedom from the strife of every day,
From the dull monotony which fringes life with gloom,
Ease worldly pain with a soothing spray
From the mystic fountain which gushes from the tomb.

Oh, give rest to the tired brain,
Faint with struggle, crazed with the taunts of care,
Let the burning heat ce ne forth to mingle with the air.
Let the bright sunlight kiss the gentle rain.
Oh, give rest to the weary soul,
Find it a refuge from sin's chastening rod,
Lead it onward, upward to a goal;
Let it find repose in the bosom of its God.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—The following familiar quotations are from the Bible: "There is death in the pot."—2 Kings iv. 40. "A man after his own heart."—1 Samuel xiii. 14. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth."—Job xix. 20. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree."—Psalm xxxvii. 35. "Heap coals of fire upon his head."—Proverbs xxv. 22. "Riches certainly make themselves wings," not "take," as often quoted.—Proverbs xxiii. 5. "No new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes i. 9. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," made famous and popular by Patrick Henry at the outbreak of the War of Independence in America, is from Jeremiah, viii. 11.

Biographical.

From the Kansas Monthly for March.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

A true poet never ceases to be cherished by men. His name may be named with the few, but while men are controlled by reason and impulse, so long will the genius occupy a bright and prominent niche in the memory of the living. The farther the age when Edgar A. Poe lived recedes, the brighter grows the genius of the man. And had he lived in another epoch and under different auspices, the pen of the critic would not have dabbled its point in the mean stuff it wrote. He would have performed quite a different duty, and his words would have all praise instead of traduction. Poe was poor, and therefore unfortunate. He died a drunkard, and the snivelling, carping hyenas attacked his memory and writings without mercy. Some of these detractors assisted, if they knew it, to hurry him over the brink of the abyss.

Poe was always misunderstood, and this fact, well known to him, made him bitter, defiant and reckless. His genius did not receive that homage it deserved. He was impulsive and bitter at times, and struck back at his detractors with a sort of savage pleasure. For this reason, perhaps more than all others, he left at his death not the sweetest memory behind. Especially was this so as regards his traducers. It is true that unprepossession ceased at his death; it is true also that the dark side of Poe's life and character has been written up with a greater relish than his genius has been extolled. Still, this is natural. The sensational and horrible are always sought by the masses, rather than the good and the true. Later writers have been more just, and the ablest critics have begun to admit his wonderful faculty for analysing human passions and feelings, and his great genius as a poet and romancist.

He is gone; and wise men forget all but the good in him. The passions that raged and boiled beneath the troublous waters racked his intellect, exist only in the recollection of men, while the creations of the poet, philosopher and romancer are cherished as among the brightest jewels in English literature. There are those now living who saw the lips grow rigid and dumb, the light of the eyes go out and the visible living chords of the heart dissolve; and they never recall the event without deep emotion. He went out in shadow and darkness. No man, indeed, can contemplate the character and genius and weakness of this marvellously brilliant man without experiencing in the bosom a throb of the deepest pity. "My best friend," said he, in his last lucid moment, "is he who will terminate my life." A bright intellect, in the noon of life, lay in ruins; and a man of good emotions and intentions, and noble aspirations, swept into the drifts and deep waters before he arrived at middle age.

Poe was a genius. He was besides a wonderful man—a combination of eccentricities, extremes and brilliancy. He was not always sane, and his reasoning was that of "Eureka" is sufficient proof of that. In subtle analysis and supernatural plot, he was a master. His wild pictures of fancy, mental weaknesses and the hideous of life, combine a curious type of the ghostly and supernatural.

The genius with which Dante swept the caverns of hell, and gave forms to the circles and abysses of the damned, inspired Poe to dissect the human mind and lay bare the thoughts, affections and impulses operating upon men. He wrote as one moved by a strong impulse and by a strange love of the horrible and mysterious. Remorse, crying in frenzied wildness, became an incarnate essence in the fiery volume which poured out torrents of words; the logic mingled with the wildest incongruities, and a wild blending of the harmonious and the incompatible. This was when disease and dissipation had begun the work of destruction and mental disintegration. He created legions of demons, and sent them swarming after the spirits of pandemonium. His most insane images conveyed some truth in the midst of written composition. His latter days, when the demon of appetite had the mastery of him, were the saddest of all. His utterances were an incessant wail of woe; his hymns were hymns of sadness; his romances and sketches the very echo of horrors, tears and woe.

The mind of Poe worked partly within the limits of the personal consciousness, partly within the impersonal. His words, in one sense, seem to belong to some region of abstracted thought, before it becomes subject to the limits of an incarnate individualism. The life of his genius is in the universe, the probable, and ever beyond that. His poetry is gorgeous, and yet the most abstract. Nor is it in want of saliency or impassioned boldness. An electric fire was in the man—a fire which in a moment flashed out of darkness, and in that moment kindled an unquenchable light or created immortal beauty. With this object in view, he left his personal struggle to find sufficiency in things out of itself, turning back upon itself at last in the song of grief and disappointment.

What a strange and wonderful man—a combination of mightiness and weakness. A subtle mind, a wizard of the pen, a mingling of the worm and the god; chained to the rock of a fatal moral malady, and yet with a laugh of childhood, and means nothing but that best of all possible jokes: "How happy I am!" He skips here and there as if wishing to go every way at once, and pursues the swallows and leaps at the butterflies out of mere joyousness of heart.

And yet, again, Number One had an Oriental indifference for the proceedings not immediately concerning himself, and habitually lay down to enjoy his "kef" on the rug whenever we were particularly busy, seeming, to regard with pitying indulgence the fuss which two legged creatures make about trifles disconnected with the real concerns of life, namely, sport and dinner. But instead of calling Allah to witness our strange and foolish behavior, our second dog takes the keenest interest in everything we do which he cannot understand—pasting, painting, needle-work, using a sewing machine or a chess board, lighting a spirit lamp, arranging a cabinet—it is all a matter of intensest curiosity to our poor friend, who stands on his hind legs for an agonizing period, and sniffs and looks, and asks us with his eyes, what all means? And, alas! alas! we cannot tell him.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

☞ Have you thought how many weak things there are in the world? Look at the natural kingdom. How few are the oaks, and many are the rushes! There is a rose with a stem so fragile as almost to break under the burden of its own fragrant bloom; yet God is God of the reed and the rose. There is not a spire of grass bruised by the trampling feet, nor a leaf fluttering from a twig, nor a bird that flies, nor a worm that crawls, no, nor any order of life so weak, as to be beneath His care.

☞ There is said to be a young lady in Baltimore so strongly charged with electricity that she can light the gas by applying her fingers to the jet. She is quite a belle in society, and there is no reason why she should not be, with such natural powers of attraction. The touch of her hand must thrill a youth of tender sensibilities to the marrow. We trust she will never shock the entire community by her light behavior, be it ever so sparkling. (One more.) In case any young man should pay his *devoirs* to the lady, she would be likely to do most of the sparking.

☞ A very interesting discovery has lately been made, it is stated, by an Italian, who claims that he can tune nerves into harmony, like harp strings. His theory is, that nerves are originally keyed up to a certain pitch, and that if they all change tone together, no damage can be done, as diet and temperature will offset it. If, however, by accident or uneven wear, the general harmony is destroyed, and one or two nerves get off the key, then disconnected action is the result, and there must be a special mode of treatment, of which he professes to have the secret. He calls himself the "nerve-tuner," and contracts to keep nerves in order by the month or year. Such a secret as this is of world-wide importance, and we see no reason why people should not make it an object for this Italian nerve-tuner to sell out his secret, and learn how to tune themselves. One can hardly imagine the happiness there would be in this world if every nervous woman could screw up her nerves to concert pitch each morning, and thus avoid flatting from the key. Any operation which would do away with the nervous actors and singers, the nervous woman on the railroad train, the nervous baby at the lecture, and the nervous man every where, would be a public blessing.

☞ Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct, the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

☞ How tenfold sorrowful are our sorrows when borne in solitude! Some one has said that grief is half removed when it is shared. How little that some one knew about it! Half removed! When it is to need only between two loving hearts, does not love fly off with eight-tenths of it? There is but a small remainder left for the two to bear between them.—*Anthony Trollope.*

HE NEVER SMILES.—The *Christina Leader* presents a portrait for the contemplation of the minister who "never smiles:"

He is a man of ability and of no mean acquirements. He preaches well, and his life does not belie his doctrins. But he has the habit of taking a severe view of nearly all questions, and of everybody's conduct. He is very serious. He maintains an imperturbable rigidity, an immovable sobriety. The conviction grows on his people that he believes mirth the unpardonable sin. He sometimes preaches about cheerfulness, but it is always in a way to make it seem the most solemn of subjects. In a word, he has allowed himself to become an embodied moral cloud, casting an unwelcome shadow over every home he enters, and moving about his parish a grim extinguisher of light and joy, when he should be the inspector of both.

☞ Each person may have a separate gift—Even the gift to be able to lie still and suffer is not a small one. The gift of being able to be poor and contented is not to be despised. The gift of nursing the sick, or of interesting children, should be very lovingly employed, neither ought any talent to be wrapped in a napkin. But, whatever it is, the word is, "Stir up the gift which is in thee."

☞ A correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution, who has made the measurement himself, reports that Niagara Falls give a power of 11,363,036 horses. By the last census there are 51-017 water wheels in operation in this country, giving a power of 1,130,416 horses.

☞ Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along smoothly. Speak kindly at night; for it may be that before dawn, some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

☞ Did you ever know a good man or pure woman utterly ruined by outside attacks upon their reputation? I never did. The abuse of a good man is commonly the head wind that fans the fires of his own furnace and gives him the greater headway. No true man was ever put down and kept down while he was true to conscience and to God. When character is destroyed, if is never murder; it is suicide.—*Chafer.*

☞ "I never go to church," said an irreverent man to a pious lady; "I always spend Sundays in settling accounts." "There is another day," said the lady, "that will be spent in the same way." "What day is that?" asked the man. "The day of judgment," was the solemn reply.

☞ A man in Kentucky has been married four times, each time having been married by the same minister, in the same house, to four sisters of the same family.

☞ Insults are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

SARATOGA ROLLS.—Beat six eggs together, put half a cup of sugar in it, one cup of lard and one of butter, then add three teacups of baker's yeast from recipe for that. If the yeast is at all sour add a little soda. Beat it well and stir in gradually one gallon of sifted flour. Work it well, making it a soft dough, and put it to rise. Two hours before baking, make the rolls out, place them in your pans or oven to rise and bake in time for breakfast or tea.

LOVE REVEALED.

BY MARIA S. LADD.

Such a trite and graceless s